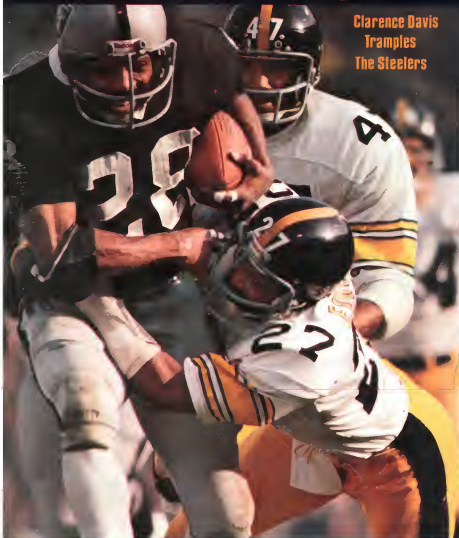


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JANUARY 3, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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Deep-Frying. The Chinese deep-fry everything from shrimp toast and wontons to beef and chicken. Deep-frying is done in several stages. Shown above is the step-by-step preparation of deep-fried shrimp balls.



Eating with Chopsticks. Illustrated above is the basic technique for using chopsticks. However, there's no one-and-only way to use chopsticks. Simply adjust that basic grip to one that is easy and comfortable for you.

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A dramatic, high-contrast illustration of a cowboy in a red shirt and cowboy hat riding a bucking horse. The scene is set against a fiery, reddish-orange background. The horse is rearing up, and the cowboy is holding the reins. The overall style is reminiscent of classic Western art.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

STATE OF CONFUSION

Delaware, the first state to ratify the Constitution of the United States, took another historic step last fall when it became the first state in the Union to sponsor legalized gambling on professional football games. As everyone knows, it was a bust. The system was too complicated and payoffs too minuscule. Bettors stayed away in droves. Late in the season, Delaware decided to shift to the old-fashioned "football card" idea, in which, given a list of games with a point-spread line, you try to pick four or more winners and are paid off at pre-fixed prices (10 to 1 for four winners, and so on).

That was more like it. The handle jumped. And then Delaware blew it again. When it issued its sports lottery card for the last weekend of the NFL's regular seasons, its point spreads differed markedly from recognized gambling lines. Big bettors raced to get down in Delaware. A local bookie said, "I used to be a thief, but I'm giving it up now that the state is making it so easy to steal legally." A Wilmington handicapper said, "Their line is so bad you almost have to bet. This could cost the state a bundle."

So much money poured in that Lottery Director Peter Simmons, presumably fearing that the flood of bets could cost the state as much as half a million dollars in losses, got nervous and called the whole thing off. Bets would be refunded, he said. Gamblers screamed so loudly that the state attorney general overruled Simmons and said all winning wagers would be paid. As it turned out, Delaware survived that mess, at least financially. Its "amateur" line proved a lot better than the professionals predicted, and the state ended up with a meager deficit of about \$5,000 for the week. But the publicity was terrible.

"They killed themselves," said one Wilmingtonian. "They tried to weath, and there's no way they're going to lose that stigma." Another said, "They've

killed the lottery with this move."

Simmons, who had already decided to leave his Delaware post for a job with a lottery consulting firm, summed it up best when he said, "It has been sort of a frustrating experience."

ALL HOKUM

Although football people still feel strongly about polls, no matter how illogically the teams are ranked, nobody pays much attention anymore to All teams, from All-Pro through All-America to All-East Stroudsburg Interscholastic. For example, the Pittsburgh Steelers point out with bitter amusement that no one on the Steelers' superb offensive line has ever been named to a Pro Bowl squad. Even saller is the All status of Rice University's Tommy Kramer. Kramer was picked as the first-string quarterback on the Associated Press All-America, but on the AP's All-Southwest Conference squad he was on the second team, behind Rodney Allison of Texas Tech.

WISHFUL THINKING

For over a month now, the film Rocky has been playing to sellout crowds on Manhattan's East Side. It's the story of a club boxer from Philadelphia who gets a shot at the heavyweight crown. The champion in the film, whose name is Apollo Creed (played by ex-Oakland Raider Linebacker Carl Weathers), is unmistakably patterned after Muhammad Ali, but who is his white challenger? Chuck Wepner? Perhaps.

"My first reaction was to sue for infringement," jokes Wepner, a New Jersey liquor salesman who was catapulted into the national spotlight in March 1975 when he lasted into the 15th round against Ali before being knocked out.

Wepner had trouble getting in to see Rocky. "I was late getting to the 7:40 show," he says, "and the lines were so long I couldn't get in. But the theater manager recognized me and he told me he'd have seats for me at the 9:50 show.

I went with my friend Peter Lemongello, the singer, and the manager invited us into his office and we had coffee and food while we waited."

Wepner liked the film. "Sylvester Stallone, the guy who wrote it and who played the challenger, had some real insights into boxing," Wepner says, "especially the training. And at the end, when Creed tells him, 'You're not going to get a rematch,' and Stallone says, 'I don't want a rematch,' that's exactly how I felt after my fight. Hey, I didn't want any rematch either."

FD RATHER BE IN PHILADELPHIA

About a year ago an economics instructor at Harcum Junior College in Bryn Mawr, Pa. named Bob McMahon analyzed professional sports (baseball, football, basketball and hockey) in major league cities with three or more professional teams and concluded that malmagned Buffalo was the No. 1 sports town in the country. Its teams had the best overall winning percentage, and its attendance was at a higher percentage of stadium capacity than anybody else's.



Buffalo has slipped this year (McMahon's "fiscal" calendar begins with football, follows with basketball and hockey and ends with baseball, mostly because of the decline of the NBA Braves; the Bills' sagging attendance in football this autumn goes into next year's report. Pittsburgh moved into first place in team performance with a .646 overall winning percentage, and Boston took the lead in attendance with an 85%-of-capacity fig-

continued

ure. Kansas City, despite the baseball Royals, had the worst overall team performance, while Cleveland and Atlanta tied for worst in attendance percentage.

McMahon predicts that in his next analysis Philadelphia will be first in both categories. He says that Philadelphians, pouring out to see their Phils, Flyers, Soxers and Eagles, led all cities in actual attendance—4,101,569, to beat out Los Angeles—and he feels the trend, artistically and commercially, is inevitably upward. It should be noted that McMahon divides New York into two parts, the city itself (Yankees, Rangers, etc.) and Long Island (Mets, Jets, etc.).

But Philadelphia the top sports city? How times change.

INFINITE VARIETY

When the Macmillan Company published *The Baseball Encyclopedia* in 1969, it opened up a vast new unexplored country to baseball fans, a continent of obscure information waiting to be discovered. One explorer, John Fox of Clovis, New Mexico, has found what may be the ultimate in esoterica, and it may tell you all that you will ever want to know about New Uln, Minnesota.

New Uln, Fox says, is the mother of pitchers with infinite earned run averages. An infinite earned run average, he explains, is achieved by yielding one or more earned runs while never retiring a single batter during one's career. Since 1900, 11 major league pitchers have compiled lifetime earned run averages of 1. Two of the 11, Doc Hamann of the 1922 Cleveland Indians and Fred Bruckbauer of the 1961 Minnesota Twins, were born in New Uln.

Fox says no one else born in New Uln ever pitched in the major leagues.

FORGOTTEN ART

Ten years ago, if you had suggested to a top pro or college football coach that by 1976 a significant number of placekicks would be executed by side-of-the-foot soccer-style kickers, you would have been laughed at. Just as you would be laughed at now if you were to suggest that by 1986 dropkickers will be as prevalent as soccer-style kickers are now.

Those calling for a revival of the dropkick note its advantages: it gives the kicking team an extra blocker, a significant plus; it requires only a simple snap from the center to the kicker, as for a punt,

thus doing away with the three-man coordination a placekick requires; the angle of the kick as it comes off the ground is much higher, minimizing the chances of a leaping defensive player getting a hand on the ball.

Coaches object automatically that the dropkick is risky, that it is hard to execute because of the more sharply pointed ball in use today compared to the rounder rugby-type ball used in the golden age of dropkicking more than half a century ago. But people who know dropkicking, most of them middle-aged now, say that objection is nonsense, that it is simply a matter of practice. "Most coaches today don't know how to teach dropkicking," says Tom Meyers of Baltimore, a dropkicking specialist 20 years ago. Once you learn the art, Meyers indicates, it's as easy and accurate as placekicking.

Sooner or later, a skilled dropkicking pioneer will make the breakthrough. While we wait for him to appear, the coaches might ponder the fact that the record for the longest field goal ever by a dropkicker is 63 yards. All by himself, with nobody holding the ball.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET THAMES

Here is another optimistic bit of news from pessimistic England. Two decades ago the Thames River in and near London was filled with sewage, detergents and industrial waste and was virtually without fish. Only a handful of mallards and swans ever visited the river. Londoners had been throwing garbage and other junk into the Thames since pre-Roman times, and after the Industrial Revolution that practice inevitably turned the river into a mass of trapped sludge. Effluent rocked back and forth with the tides, taking weeks or even months to inch its way to the sea. A dead river, in other words.

Early in the 1960s, the government began to attack the problem, regulating what could and could not be dumped into the river. Slowly the Thames came back. Now 86 species of fish, including the glimmerous Atlantic salmon, are reported to live in the 25 miles of river between London and the sea, and thousands of water birds use it as a winter refuge.

CASH CROP

With the question of whether or not there will be a 1977 draft of college football players by the NFL still in doubt, the re-

lated question of just how valuable the draft is anyway continues to be a subject of debate. On the one hand, George Allen of the Washington Redskins has repeatedly traded off high draft picks for tried-and-true pros and has been pretty successful. On the other, Chuck Noll of the Pittsburgh Steelers built that imposing team almost from scratch by means of efficacious drafting.

Just how good are brand-new players, fresh out of college? Crops vary, as they do in horse racing, truck farms and journalism schools, but sometimes they can be incredibly rich. Consider the 1973 draft. Among those picked were such instant NFL stars as Bert Jones, Chuck Foreman, Isaac Curtis, Otis Armstrong, Terry Metcalf, Cullen Bryant, Ray Guy, Joe Ferguson, Billy Joe DuPree, Wally Chambers, Sam Cunningham, Jerry Sisemore, John Hannah, Greg Pruitt, Harvey Martin and Mike Barnes, and the list can go on from there.

Still—wouldn't you know?—the No. 1 pick that year was a 6' 8", 280-pound, can't-miss tackle from the University of Tampa named John Matuzak. Matuzak turned out to be more or less of a bust with the Houston Oilers, the Kansas City Chiefs and the Redskins (not to mention a short-lived visit to the World Football League) before settling in this season with Oakland.

THEY SAID IT

- Pete Maravich, asked why he was taking the news of New Orleans Jazz Coach Buduć van Breda Kolff's firing so calmly: "The last time I was surprised was when I found out that ice cream cones were hollow."
- Chuck Muffs, Wake Forest football coach: "Some coaches pray for wisdom. I pray for 260-pound tackles. They'll give me plenty of wisdom."
- Jim Colbert, touring golf pro, at the mixed team golf championships that paired men and women pros: "What else is there in life but golf and girls?"
- Edward Villella, the ballet star, asked if his background in boxing came in handy: "Once in a while you have to explain mainly grace."
- Don Issel, injured Denver Nugget center, after his substitute, Marvin Webster, scored 17 points and had 17 rebounds: "What was the name of that guy on the Yankees who got hurt and was replaced by Lou Gehrig?"

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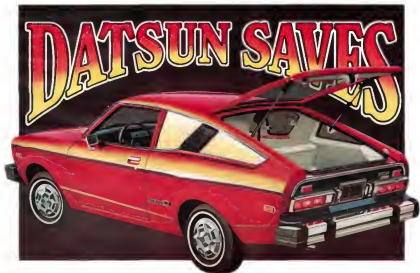
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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 3, 1977

REVENGE FOR THE RAIDERS

Frustrated for nearly a decade, Oakland finally made it back to the Super Bowl, beating the hated Pittsburgh Steelers and setting up a finale against Minnesota

by Robert F. Jones

There was an aura of grim inevitability to it, reminiscent of the week before the outbreak of a major war. For the fifth straight year, Pittsburgh and Oakland would be staring down the muzzles of one another's heavy artillery in a playoff game, and for the third straight year the battle would be for the American Conference championship. The Steelers-Raiders rivalry is only seven years old, but already it wears the fascination of slam-bang tradition. "I have the feeling that the game's been forgotten," worried Oakland Coach John Madden on the eve of the conflict. "It's being treated like World War III."

Little wonder. Beginning with Franco Harris' game-winning "immaculate reception" of a tipped pass back in 1972, Pittsburgh had the better of the playoff action, winning three of the four games with Oakland and going on to win the Super Bowl the past two years. Oakland, by humiliating contrast, had made the big game only once, losing to Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers nine years ago in Super Bowl II. This year, Madden swore it would be different, at least as far as the Pittsburgh game was concerned.

Last September, in the first contest of the NFL's regular season, the Raiders rallied for 17 points in the final three minutes to edge the Steelers 31-28 at Oakland. In the process, hot blood came to a boil, particularly when the Raiders' George Atkinson smashed the Steelers' Lynn Swann unconscious. Strangely, the Steelers found themselves in the playoffs thanks mainly to the Raiders, who eliminated Cincinnati in a game in

continued

Surprisingly, Ken Stabler ran the Raiders right at the vacated Steeler defense. More surprisingly, they hammered it for 157 yards.



Atkinson raised words but no blows on Swann

The injured Harris arrived and departed in pain



which their only motive was pride. "We want to win the Super Bowl by beating the Super Bowl champs in the playoffs," said all the Raiders after that game. The Steelers, meanwhile, psyched themselves for the battle by remembering what Atkinson did to Swann. "If anything like that happens again, I'll come off the bench myself," said Joe Greene. "We can play any kind of game they want to play."

But last Sunday, playing unspectacular, indeed almost gentlemanly, football, Oakland coolly dismembered the two-time Super Bowl champs 24-7, and in the most unwarlike manifestation of all, Atkinson actually played the role of peacemaker whenever things got even lukewarm. There was not a single 15-yard penalty called in the game, a conflict that probably could have been fought in a drawing room with no harm done to the wainscoting. The closest thing to an outburst came late in the second half when the frustrated Swann had a shoving match with Oakland Free Safety Jack Tatum after taking what he considered a late hit from behind. Some war.

In a sense, Pittsburgh lost this battle when it won the previous week's skirmish against Baltimore. Franco Harris left that game in the third quarter with 132 yards and badly bruised ribs. Rocky Bleier sprained a toe and retired with minus one yard after his first and only carry against the Colts. Roy Gerela, the tiny place kicker, aggravated a groin pull. And backup Halfback John (Frenchy) Fuqua pulled a calf muscle. Of the four, only Fuqua saw action against Oakland, and he played sparingly. "Nobody feels like fighting a war without weapons," Noll said after the defeat.

Mean Joe was more direct. "There's no doubt about it," he said in the locker room. "Oakland won the game. We're a good football team, but they were better today."

Before the kickoff there was some doubt that the Raiders deserved to be playing for the AFC championship, despite a 13-1 record over the regular season, the best in the NFL this year. Their 24-21 first-second victory over the wildcard New England Patriots a week earlier was suspect on two counts. One was a debatable "roughing the passer" call against Patriot Tackle Sugar Bear Hamilton that kept alive the Raiders' victorious scoring drive. The other was uncalculated interference by Raider Linebacker Phil Villapiano against Patriot Tight End

Rowen Francis that stalled a New England march and let Oakland Quarterback Ken Stabler work his closing magic.

But all doubts about the Raiders' qualifications faded in the hazy, 52° weather of Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum. Toward the end of a slow-starting first quarter, Raider Hubie Gann partially deflected a Bobby Walden punt, and this led to the game's first score—a 19-yard field goal by Errol Mann. In the second quarter, Oakland Linebacker Willie Hall intercepted a Terry Bradshaw pass that bounced off the outstretched hands of Fuqua, returning it 22 yards to the Steeler one-yard line. Clarence Davis pounded the six points home and Mann's extra point was good. So it was Oakland 10, Pittsburgh zip.

With less than 10 minutes left in the half, Bradshaw put together his only drive of the long afternoon. After missing his first six passes, he finally connected with Frank Lewis for 11 yards to the Steeler 41. Then he hit John Stallworth at the Oakland 37 and found Swann—circling in the Atkinson danger zone from right to left—on a pass that carried to the Raider seven. A face-mask penalty against Villapiano—he had two for the day—set up Reggie Harrison's three-yard burst into the end zone. It was Pittsburgh's only visit to that remote realm all day.

Unperturbed as usual, Stabler moved the Raiders 69 yards in 13 plays for another touchdown before the half ended, converting three critical third-down calls on the way. Oakland's 10-point hulge was back, 17-7.

During the halftime lull, students of the game pondered whether Noll would reverse his decision to keep Harris and Bleier out of the game because of their injuries. Something had to be done, and fast, as the statistics showed. Here was Oakland, the team with only a middling ground game, running for 99 yards in the first half—and against the team that can't be run against. And here was Stabler, the NFL's top passer this season, throwing only 12 passes, completing six for a minuscule 44 yards. The world was drastically out of whack.

But Harris and Bleier remained on the bench when play resumed while Stabler snaked ahead in the third quarter, hitting his mercurial deep receiver, Clifford Bratch, for 28 yards on a pass that carried in the Pittsburgh 33. He then gutted it out on fourth and one with a seven-

yard pitch to Tight End Warren Blanks. Five plays later, Stabler sent Pete Banaszak over the left side, past Steeler Linebacker Andy Russell, and hit him with a five-yard pass for a touchdown. It was Russell's last game after a sterling 13-year pro career, and a cruel way to send him into retirement. But Linebacker Jack Ham took partial revenge. Just as Stabler released the pass to Banaszak, Ham—blitzing past Blanks from the Snake's right—blindsided the quarterback, flattening him with bruised ribs and knocking a cap off his tooth. "I could have continued," Stabler said later, "but I couldn't throw." By this point the score was already 24-7, and Stabler was not needed any longer.

As the game wound down to its final minutes, the 53,739 spectators began to mill and gaze wonderingly at one another. Could it finally be? After nine frustrating years, the Raiders were actually going to the Super Bowl again? A crowd of longhairs swept through the stands with a banner: RAIDERS MENU—SWANN SOUP, FRANCO DOG, TERRY AAL. When it ended, the fans burst onto the field, swirling and whooping to choke off a final Bradshaw-to-Swann pass, swallowing up Swann in the charge. It was the end of an era, however brief.

"Winning it the way we did was right," said Madden, shaking his head firmly. "It was right. After going 13 and 1, then 14 and 1—beating Cincinnati to get those people in here. We did it the right way. I know Franco and Rocky didn't play, but it wouldn't have made any difference."

But what happened, one wondered, to that high charge of emotion and violence that seemed to hang over the game before it got under way?

"I'd get knocked down," said Stabler, nursing his sore ribs, "and I'd tell whoever knocked me over, 'Nice play.' And then I'd complete a pass and they'd say, 'Good throw,' or whatever. They didn't come to fight, and we didn't, either."

Fullback Mark van Eeghen, the 1,000-yard rusher who picked up 66 on 22 carries against the Steelers, said, "We all had read the verbal warfare that's been in the papers all week long. I got helped off the ground one time and I helped someone myself. If Joe Greene got popped in the eye, we all made sure he knew it wasn't intentional."

For all the Raiders, though, it was a time for release and relief, after years of frustration. "I'll tell you," said Banaszak,

who joined the team in 1966, "one minute I'm crying and the next I'm smiling. The last time we went to the Super Bowl, I was a little scared, to be honest about it. I saw Bart Starr on the field and wanted to trade football cards with him. This time I'm not going to be scared. I know that Minnesota's good, because if they weren't, they wouldn't be there. And

they're frustrated, too, like us, after being there three times without winning it. For one of the coaches, this is going to be a very big win, the biggest."

Then the Raiders were off to celebrate. Last Sunday was Madden's 17th wedding anniversary. He said he'd take his wife Virginia anywhere she wanted to go. Like Pasadena next week.

KICK IN THE PANTS FOR L.A.

by Dan Jenkins

The Los Angeles Rams found a new way to stay out of the Super Bowl last Sunday: they committed suicide on the Minnesota tundra. Early in the NFC championship game the Rams allowed the Vikings to score 10 points despite gaining zero yards, and the Rams never recovered. The result was a 24-13 Minnesota victory without any appreciable heroics from Fran Tarkenton and none at all from Sammie White, the rookie receiver who usually wins games for the Vikings by gathering in bushels of Tarkenton passes. Actually, the Vikings won it with their finely developed art of kick

blocking. One might even say, "Led by the Rams' Tom Dempsey and Rusty Jackson, the Minnesota Vikings traveled 1,600 miles to Pasadena last week." But Nate Allen's name ought to be in there somewhere, too.

Allen is the Viking gnat who habitually flutters into the way of opposing placekickers and makes the football ricochet someplace other than between the goalposts. He did it two or three times during the regular season (depending on whether you accept the official or the unofficial statistics). And he did it again out there Sunday in front of 47,191 delirious

continued

Minnesota's Matt Blair got his kicks against the Rams, blocking Jackson's punt to set up a field goal



sleeping bags in 12th Metropolitan Stadium. This one was the biggest kick block of his life.

The scoring in pro football games generally features spiraling passes from quarterbacks like Tarkenton to smooth-gaited receivers like White, but Allen won the game over the Rams as surely as Bud Grant is a duck hunter. He did it just when the Vikings were reeling back on their own one-inch line in the first quarter, shoved up against their funny old end-zone bleachers by the Rams. After a 54-yard drive, the visitors were lined up and ready to get at least three points for their efforts.

Suddenly, it wasn't a Los Angeles field goal at all, it was a 7-0 Minnesota lead. The center's snap to the Ram holder, Steve Preece, was true enough, and Tom Dempsey's leg did reach the ball. The thing was, Dempsey's leg got there at the same time as a purple-shirted blazer wearing No. 25.

From the Rams' point of view, it wasn't so terrible that Allen blocked Dempsey's attempt. The Cowboys had blocked a couple of boots against Los Angeles the week before and no absolute catastrophes occurred. It was what happened to the ball after Allen blocked it that was so terrible. What happened was that Allen deflected a bounce pass over to Bobby Bryant on a fast break. Bryant, who lived near the football throughout the afternoon, was fortunate enough to have the ball career directly into his hands at the 10-yard line, whereupon he set out on a 90-yard journey for the Viking touchdown that changed the whole day.

"It's my job not to rush the kicker but head off to the side and wait for just that kind of a bounce in case it's blocked," Bryant said. "I had never worked quite that well before."

Enter now the old study of game films, which is what assistant coaches do in their spare time. The Viking staff had noticed something in poring over Ram films. In the language of pro football, a "wing man" is a blocker who is supposed to protect a placekicker against the rush from the outside. The Rams' wing man in this case was Jim Youngblood, who normally is paid to be a linebacker.

Listen to Nate Allen. "We noticed in the films that Youngblood was setting up



Chuck Foreman bolted 62 yards and ruined L.A.'s

too deep to the inside, almost behind his end," he said. "In that position, it seemed to us that he couldn't protect against both Wally Hilgenberg and me. Hilgenberg got good penetration to the inside and I was never touched."

Dempsey's kick struck Allen in the chest and bounded over to where Bryant had been waiting for perhaps all of the eight years he has played for the Vikings. After that, the next 90 yards were a breeze. To complete Bryant's joyous afternoons, he intercepted two of Ram Quarterback Pat Haden's passes.

Allen's very presence no doubt also had something to do with further misfortune that befell the Rams in the sec-

ond quarter. This time L.A.'s rookie punter, Rusty Jackson, handled a good snap near his goal line as if it were a steaming platter of cookies, his mind almost certainly being more than a little concerned with whether one of his teammates was going to remember to get in Allen's way. Jackson dropped the ball, then picked it up just in time to boot it into the hip of the Vikings' Matt Blair. The blocked punt gave Minnesota the football at the Los Angeles eight. That the Vikings could get only three points—on a Fred Cox field goal—was the first real indication that this wasn't going to be one of Tarkenton's better days. Then again, it didn't have to be.



halftime hopes when Fran Tarkenton shrewdly audibled new blocking assignments for the Vikings

Although Minnesota still led 10-0 at halftime, the Rams had proved they could move the ball, mainly on the running of Lawrence McCutcheon and John Cappelletti, while the Vikings had pretty much proved they couldn't—except when they were blocking kicks. So the Rams had a right to think they might still get to the Super Bowl if the breaks ever started coming their way. Trouble was, before they had much of a chance to try out their theory, Minnesota got a brilliant 62-yard run out of Chuck Foreman—his longest of the season—on the second play of the third period.

It seemed to be a harmless situation: second down and seven for Minnesota

on its 36. Run formation. Handoff to Foreman, who hadn't gained enough yardage in the first half to make the Rams nervous. But when Foreman suddenly stepped through the L.A. line, there was no one there. Maybe he slid past one guy. And now he was running like Bryant. Rod Perry got Foreman with a driving swipe at the two-yard line, but two plays later he went over for the touchdown.

Foreman's long-distance run was set up by another one of those intricacies of pro football—the audible. Everybody knows what an audible is: the quarterback changes the play at the line of scrimmage. In this situation, though, Tarkenton not only changed the play, he did

something far more sophisticated. He audibled different blocking assignments. The Rams had overshifted and the wily Tarkenton had caught the shift in time to order cross-blocking. When Foreman cut between his right guard and tackle, not outside tackle as originally planned, the blocks sprung him for the 62 yards and left the Rams dangling in their self-constructed noose.

It was to the credit of the Rams that they came back. Haden, the Rhodes scholar rookie, did a bit of scurrying around until he could find open receivers, and he drove his team 80 yards to a touchdown that narrowed the score to 17-6. Naturally, Dempsey missed the extra point, his ninth miss of the year. Then a big play by the L.A. defense quieted the stadium. Fred Dryer and Jack Youngblood, the Ram defensive ends, combined on their own style of fast break to get the football away from Tarkenton and set up an L.A. touchdown. Dryer hit Fran as he was back to pass, jolting the ball loose, and Youngblood grabbed the fumble and ran it 10 yards to the Minnesota eight. Haden lobbed a pass to Harold Jackson for the six points, and Dempsey converted, for a change. It was 17-13 with about 16 minutes left to play.

The Rams never came any closer. They got the football three more times, and Haden filled the cold air with desperate passes, but the closest they could get was the Minnesota 33. Once, on a fourth down, Haden unloaded a long one to Ron Jesse, who appeared to be open. But Bryant drafted over to jump up in front of Jesse and intercept the pass on his eight.

Near the end the Vikings got another big play from Foreman, who took a short wobbler from Tarkenton and ran past a squadron of L.A. defenders for a gain of 57 yards to the L.A. 12. This set up Sammy Johnson's 12-yard touchdown run with 33 seconds to play. Later, Tarkenton confessed that Foreman was his fourth receiver on the play. Foreman's darting and dancing were wondrous to behold, but had little to do with the outcome. Minnesota—zero for three in the Super Bowl—was already en route to Pasadena. Against Oakland, the Vikings will have to be better than they were against the self-destructive Rams—or at least as lucky.

END

THAT BABY FACE WILL FOOL YOU

Steve Cauthen turned 16 on Derby Day and hit New York at the end of November. Since then, in 21 days of riding, the apprentice jockey has won 29 races and \$375,000 in purses and has been called the next Shoemaker by William Leggett

Steve Cauthen attended his first Kentucky Derby in 1963, the year Chateaugay defeated Candy Spots. He was taken to the Churchill Downs backstretch by his mother and father, and through the long afternoon he romped on the grass and dug away at the family picnic hamper. Steve Cauthen remembers little about that day because, like the horses running in the Derby, he, too, had only recently become a 3-year-old. The young man has been back for several Derbies since then, most recently last spring when Bold Forbes outgamed Honest Pleasure through the stretch. He remembers the date of that Derby—May 1, 1976—more readily than the race itself, because on that day he became 16 years old and could start his career as an apprentice jockey.

"Jockey" may not be quite the right word to use for Steve Cauthen. There are some 3,000 officially certified "jockeys," scuffling, whipping and emitting hair-raising screams as they break out of starting gates from Vancouver's Exhibition Park to El Comandante in San Juan. In a little more than seven months of riding professionally Cauthen has become accepted as a "race-rider," a term granted by racetracks to only the very best. Shoemaker, Cordero, Hawley, Pincay, Velasquez, Baeza. Since being put on a 136-lb shot named King of Swat last May 12, Cauthen has won 240 races and purse money in excess of \$1.2 million. His own take during his abbreviated first season is more than \$150,000.

Cauthen is now in the third "kiss" stage of his stunning apprenticeship. Kisses in racetrack terminology denote the asterisks placed alongside a fledgling rider's name in the entries. When he starts out, an apprentice is given three asterisks, allowing him to ride 10 pounds lighter than a full-fledged jockey. After five winners, the first kiss goes and the youngster competes with a seven-pound allowance until he has won 35 races. After that, the apprentice rides with a five-pound allowance until one year has elapsed since his first winner. Cauthen thus has nearly five more months to ride as an apprentice. Former Jockey Sam-

my Renick, who has studied riders for nearly 50 years, says, "Getting Steve Cauthen to ride your horse with a five-pound allowance is like having a license to steal, and trainers know it. Cauthen looks like the best young rider to come onto the racetrack since Willie Shoemaker in 1949."

Cauthen is 5'1" and weighs 95 pounds. He began winning last spring at River Downs near Cincinnati and has moved onward and upward to Arlington Park and to Hawthorne near Chicago and, four weeks ago, to Aqueduct in New York, the track where jockeys are most critically judged.

Cauthen arrived in New York on the last day of November. After losing on his first four mounts, he took a 4-year-old named Illiterate out for the featured \$25,000 eighth race. Illiterate was the lightweight at 110 pounds and had won but one claiming race since early April. Cauthen kept her close to the leaders and, with an eighth of a mile to go, rained her through an opening to win by half a length. The tote board lit up at \$61.20.

In his next 51 rides at Aqueduct, Cauthen had seven winners and was disqualified from another, a good but not extraordinary showing. There is an interesting thing about that disqualification, however. Cauthen's mount veered out in the stretch, but the rider was held blameless by the stewards. Being disqualified unwittingly any rider and often causes inexperienced jockeys to become cautious. Not Cauthen. Two races after the disqualification, he drove a horse up along the rail to win.

In one 17-race stretch he haggled 12 winners. He was hot at all distances. He won the first stakes race of his career by taking the \$55,050 Gallant Fox Handicap with a 19-lb shot named Frampton Delight. In just 21 days of riding at Aqueduct the 16-year-old apprentice won 29 races and \$375,000 in purses. Projected over a full racing season, that would give Cauthen 425 winners, and perhaps as much as \$6 million in purses. No New York rider has won as many as 300 races in a year (though Velasquez just missed with 299 when Aqueduct closed last

week), and no jockey has ever earned \$5 million in purses.

Cauthen grew up in Walton, Ky., about 20 miles from Cincinnati and 60 miles from the bluegrass country of Lexington. His father, 44-year-old Ronald (Tex) Cauthen, is a blacksmith who works the Kentucky-Ohio circuit, and his mother Myra is a licensed owner/trainer. Two of his uncles are trainers.

At birth Cauthen weighed in at a normal enough 7 pounds, 12 ounces. But when he became five, his weight lingered at around 35 pounds. Young Steve was around horses on the family's 40-acre farm and his father would take him to work with him on the backstretches. "One summer he seemed to be with the starters in their stand at River Downs for almost every race," Tex Cauthen recalls. "He was beginning to learn things. At 12 he came to me and said, 'Dad, I think I want to be a jockey.' We sat down and I told him that if he was going to gain weight I didn't want him to even think about being a rider. I've seen too many jockeys practically commit suicide by starving themselves to death to make riding weight. That was the stipulation—no reducing."

"He wanted to ride everything that moved and even some things that didn't. When there wasn't a horse available he would sit on a hule of hay and use a stick as a whip. He chopped up many a \$2.50 hule of hay that way. He kept getting better at using that stick, and the year before he went out to ride as an apprentice he could switch the whip so well that he could hit within an eighth of an inch of where he wanted to hit."

Tex Cauthen got some film of races at River Downs and Latonia, borrowed a projector, and he and his son would go up to Steve's room in the evening and watch the films, endlessly playing them backward and forward to see how moves were made, correctly or incorrectly. "There were maybe 80 or 90 races," says Tex, "and we just about wore the film out. We talked about things that people don't talk about too much anymore—wind resistance and balance. The rider we watched the most was Larry Snyder,



Cauthen's weight allowance good for 40 more months; his trainers clamoring for his services

because he has an excellent style. If you look at Steve now, you can see that he rides really low, which cuts down the wind resistance and makes him seem like one with his horse."

Cauthen rides so low and so close to his mounts that several opposing jocks have glanced over at his horses during races and thought he had fallen off. His back is always parallel to the ground and it looks as though a bowl of soup could be balanced there without ever losing a drop.

At River Downs' 56-day meeting last summer Cauthen had a record 94 win-

ners. So one day he and his father flew to Saratoga to look things over for a possible invasion of the East. They checked out potential agents, then went back to River Downs to complete the meeting before moving on to Arlington Park. Cauthen won 40 races in 164 rides at Arlington to finish third in the standings. (The leading rider was Larry Snyder, the man Cauthen had looked at so many times on film, who won 54 races out of 271 mounts.) Moving south to Hawthorne, Cauthen finished second to Snyder, riding 27 winners to the veteran's 32.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART

When Hawthorne closed, Cauthen returned home and rode at Churchill Downs, where he had 24 winners in 120 mounts. One day Don Brumfield, perennially the top rider at Churchill, went to New York to win a stakes race, and when he came back he advised Cauthen to "take a shot" there.

On their visit to Saratoga, Cauthen and his father had talked to Lenry Goodman about the possibility of the agent's taking Cauthen's book. Goodman has handled the very best—Bobby Ussery, Johnny Rotz, Bill Hartack and, for the past dozen years, Hall of Famer Braulio Baeza—and had not taken on an apprentice in a quarter of a century. "I saw him ride in two races at Saratoga," Goodman says, "and he finished next to last in both on horses that didn't have a chance. But the talent was there. He wasn't afraid, he knew how to wait. He could switch the whip, he had balance. A feeling comes over you when you see one like him. So few have what he has." He took Cauthen on.

Last week Steve Cauthen was wearing a bathrobe in the jockeys' room at Aqueduct, nursing a severe cold he had caught while working horses early in the morning and then riding them in the afternoon in winds that gusted to 40 mph, dropping the wind-chill factor to minus 13°. "It's so cold riding in New York at this time of year that I have to wear gloves and earmuffs and sometimes wrap Saran Wrap around my feet to keep them warm," he was saying. "But I love to ride horses and I'm getting a chance. Sure, the days are long and I'm in bed by 9 o'clock. One of the things my father and I agreed on was that I had to finish high school, and I'm taking correspondence courses to finish up my senior year. I had mostly A's and B's back in school. I'm amazed by the attention I've gotten in New York. A lot of this is just being lucky. Television did a thing about me but I never saw it because I was asleep when the 11 o'clock news went on."

"I'm going to ride in New York all of next year if I'm good enough. But I'll be happy to get home for Christmas. I've been living in a hotel and I miss my family and my two brothers, who are 13 and seven. I'm looking forward to just being home."

On the first Saturday of this May, the chances are that Steve Cauthen, 17, will be at Churchill Downs once again. Riding in the feature

KEEPING THE FIGHT GAME AFLOAT

The quarterfinals of Don King's U.S. Boxing Championship get awash this month aboard the carrier Lexington

by Mark Kram

Through the years, professional prize fights have been held in some odd places—brothels, barges, carnival grounds, open fields. So why not an aircraft carrier? "Get me the admiral!" boomed Don King, who comes off the rail like a cue ball with English on it—sometimes too much. "What admiral?" asked an aide. "You know how many admirals there are in the U.S. Navy?" Thus several weeks ago the scramble began for a stupendous venue, one to match the scope of what King calls the grand renaissance of boxing.

For a long time the fight game has been hanging by its fingernails on Muhammad Ali's presence. He keeps the sport in the public eye, but that is all. He is boxing to a point, much as Churchill was England when it fought alone in World War II. But, Ali aside, boxing is in a parlous state: no work for fighters, small purses when they do fight, empty gyms and fewer licensed fighters than ever before; only two American world champions (Ali and featherweight Danny Lopez)—a long fall from a time when U.S. fighters held most of the world titles. It is an arid land, boxing, populated by only the most resolute, the addicted or the crazed.

The pathology of this collapse is ob-



Foreman and Duran took Ali's place in King's heart—and also on the wall of his Manhattan office.

vious, the politics of the ring, which are based on petty feuds and revenge, the failure of Madison Square Garden to put money back into the sport that did so much to make its reputation; the lack of a commanding figure to lead the game out of the wilderness to bring a semblance of organization and thought to it, in brief to revive public interest. Until now, no one has really ever tried, but on Jan. 16, on the aircraft carrier Lexington off Pensacola, Fla., the first of a series of positive steps will be taken.

Called the U.S. Boxing Championship and presenting 60 fighters from featherweight to heavyweight, the series will run from January to June and is designed to

create American champions, to build names and continuity. It is a massive effort, backed by the power and money of ABC-TV and Boone Arledge, the authority of Ring magazine and the promotional flair of Don King. For ABC Sports it is a bold venture involving \$15 million and about 23 hours of programming. For King it is a rare chance to buck up his grandiloquent posture, his large and lyrical mouth, with hard action.

The genesis of the tournament was helped along by adversity. King had been riding high with Ali, having promoted seven of his title fights. Correctly, he had figured that the only place to be in the ring business was next to Ali. That was

where the money was, as well as the recognition, which often seemed more important. He also believed that Ali was not earning as much as he should. Always a sucker for trick phrases and slogans, having invented so many himself, Ali became a believer as King hammered away: "Figger, figger, figger, everything for the white man, nothin' for the nigger." The two of them, plus Herbert Muhammad, sacked the world.

Then, suddenly, King was blown out of the Ali picture as Ali and Herbert moved to another promoter, Bob Arum, with whom King had been—and still is—locked in a bitter promotional struggle. The usually buoyant King became morose, and the winds that whipped about his aerie on the 67th floor of the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center seemed to have a mocking whine. His office door never seemed to open anymore. He would sit at his big desk for long hours, seeing nobody, at times looking as if he were mummified, or at best deep into some transcendental problem known only to him. He even had his hair cut, which only made him look more pathetic. That bizarre hair, shooting out in all directions, appeared ridiculous at first, but it grew on you, symbolizing strength and wild imagination.

Neither was in evidence now. "Look Don," said Paddy Flood, his right-hand man, "this may be the best thing to happen to you. You've always had Ali on your mind. Now this is a great chance to build a new center of balance." Long ago, the two had talked about a tournament. Flood can ferret out a dollar in the fight game better than most, but he has always thought of boxing on a large scale rather than just as an area for personal scheming. He had been a fighter from a fighting family in the Yorkville section of Manhattan. He is still a manager. He knows the sad gauntlet that a fighter has to run—work during the day, lonely hours in the gym at night, short purses, the dead-end frustration of it all. If there are such things as character and trustworthiness in a manager, Flood has them. He got King moving. "If you're going to be remembered at all," said Flood, "you'll be remembered because of this tournament, not because of Ali."

Soon King's hair was back to all its

scruffy magnificence, and so was he. With King busy on two fronts—the comeback of George Foreman and the tournament—there was no longer much evidence of Ali in King's office. The huge painting of the champ that hung behind his desk was removed and replaced by a photograph of Foreman and lightweight champion Roberto Duran. King's other major interest. By now the tournament had begun to appeal to ABC. Before the Olympics, ABC had bought the tournament from King but had moved slowly. After the enthusiasm for Olympic boxing, the network worked swiftly. The Olympics may have foreshadowed the next evolutionary cycle of the ring: nationalism in an international arena, a professional Olympiad.

First, there are American champions to be made—honestly. That last word is so important, the champions here cannot be made in the back room, they must

be made in the ring. "This is no connection tournament," says Flood, who along with Al Bevensman is coordinating the event. "Look at the fighter I have in the light-heavyweight quarterfinals, Bobby Cassidy. You think I'd put him with Willie Taylor? I'd rather see him up against a water buffalo. But we can't pick and choose. You take who you're given." Seeing to that last point is Johnny Ori of *Ring* magazine. The publication is the bible of boxing, and it brings to the tournament a substance and respect that game-playing groups like the WBC and WBA could never claim.

"It's a tremendous breakthrough," says Ori. "The first hint of any organized pattern in boxing. It's going to bring fresh air to the game."

The tournament, says King, will change the face of boxing and remodel an image that has long been unfair. "We will show that boxing belongs," says

(continued)

Larry Holmes (right) the class of King's heavies, outpointed Big Boy Williams despite a broken thumb.





Arum says Al is in a promotional war with King



Braverman didn't change with the times, says King

King, "that the undesirable elements long associated with it are no more. Some things die hard. People don't know what they're talking about when they talk of fixes and gangsterism inside boxing. That's a holdover from years and years ago. What about baseball and basketball and football and horse racing? The scandals in these sports have been outrageous and on a larger scale. Yet they come back bigger than ever. Why? Because of television, of the concerted efforts and promotion behind them. That's what we intend to do with boxing, unify it and point it in a new direction."

That alone seems impossible, for the politics in the ring are self-destructive. The old line goes "Don't get mad—get even." A manager will wait for years to gain revenge on a manager who crossed him, or a promoter who bled him economically when he was helpless. The environment is one of mutual contempt. Promoters hate managers, who in turn hate promoters and fighters. The fighter despises all of them. The squabbles rage on forever. That old and pummeled cry to arms in most sports—"For the good of the game"—does not exist in the world of the ring. So it is hard to grasp how 60 managers in every part of the country stepping docilely into line could agree with the principles of the tournament.

"They came into line all right," says Braverman, also a manager of clever repute and a barnacled survivor of ring "trickery." But not so easily. "Just getting them to return the contracts on a deadline was like mounting the invasion of Normandy," he says. "They're not used to organization. Of course, some of them held out, thinking, well, maybe there's a better deal coming up from somebody else."

In the end, though, they could not skirt the hard facts: money and titles. "Any kind of title is worth something," says Al. "An American title, well, that's clout if you have it. The money? Forget it. In New York City alone, there are only a few managers who can make a living in boxing. If it's that bad here, what about the rest of the country?"

The fighters did not need much prodding either. They saw the tournament for what it would be: a chance to pursue their trade with genuine reward ahead. It takes years for a fighter, especially one in the lower weight classes, to get exposure, to get a name. Here, within four or five months, he can become "some-

body," can make his name count for money. As it is, the fighters are going to be paid more money than most of them have ever seen before. "As long as I'm around," says King, "fighters are going to get what they're worth. They say I've inflated the market, given too much to fighters. Well, I wouldn't be giving out that kind of money if it wasn't there. The money has always been there, but the fighters never got it."

King himself, it appears, will not have a financial windfall from this tournament. The expenses will be high and the purses are big. For eight-round quarterfinal matches heavyweights will receive \$15,000, \$30,000 in the semifinals and \$135,000 (\$45,000 to the loser) in the finals. The light heavyweights to middleweights will start at \$10,000, go on to \$15,000 and finish with a 70/30 split of \$65,000. The progression of the lighter weights will be \$7,500, \$10,000, \$40,000. King will come out of the tournament with only a first option on the services of the American champions. He then plans to put on an international tournament, country against country. That setup will be profitable.

Who are these fighters? There are no big names, no major contenders like, say, Ken Norrion. The tournament is mainly a blend of seasoned fighters, many of them ranked, some on the brink. Most of them have one thing in common: they need exposure.

The heavyweight entrants are Larry Holmes, Diao Dennis, Johnny Bou-dreaux, Tom Prater, LeRoy Jones, Scott LeDoux and alternates Jeff Merritt and Kevin Isaacs. The lightweights are Cassidy, Taylor, Len Hutchins, Richie Kates, Vonzell Johnson, Ray Elson, Biff Chane, Tony Greene and Tom Bethar; and the middles Mike Colbert, Tony Chaverini, Bobby Watts, Willie Monroe, David Love, Ike Fucilien, Roy Edmonds and Johnny Baldwin. Randy Shields and Harold Weston are among the names in the welter division, while Edwin Viruet heads the lightweights. The list of featherweights is not completed.

The class of the heavies is Holmes, A native of Easton, Pa., and handled by the veteran Richie Giachetti, he has been out of action for the last eight months with a broken thumb. His last victory was over Big Roy Williams, who recently gave Earnie Shavers so much trouble in Las Vegas. Holmes (22-0) put a smooth, very careful point display on Big Roy, leaving a number of his critics in the audience

complaining about his shyness, his lack of zest for exchange; no one knew that the thumb of his cracking right hand was broken. Even so, many want to see some indication of heart in Holmes. They all know what he can do when he is winging out in front, but does he have the stuff of a champion in a close, hard fight? The tournament may well show what he's made of.

The match-ups for the opening quarterfinals are: Holmes vs. Praier in the heavies; Cassidy vs. Taylor in the light heavies, the sharp Colbert against Chaverman in the middleweights; Randy Shields vs. Juan Cantres in the welterweights; Pat Dolan vs. Johnny Sullivan in the lightweights and Walter Seeley vs. Hilbert Stevenson in the feathers. The other quarterfinals are scheduled for Feb. 13, March 6 and March 27. King hopes to put these fights on at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, the Naval Academy at Annapolis and the Marion Correctional Institution at Marion, Ohio. "Marion will be a homecoming for me," says King of the place where he did time for manslaughter.

King has made a remarkable leap from his prison days, from the days when he was the numbers king of Cleveland. He says he owes much of it to the Garden and matchmaker Teddy Brenner, to Brenner's unwillingness to change with the times. "The Garden was the palace of boxing," says King. "All over the world, when you mentioned boxing you had to mention the Garden. Kids dreamed of it. Now how could a black man from nowhere, a black nobody and ex-con on top of it, come into New York and take over boxing if the Garden had been doing its job? The answer is simple. It couldn't happen. You can't go up against power like that.

"But the Garden wasn't doing its job. They wouldn't pay anybody anything. They got great talent knocked before it matured. They alienated managers. Treated us like dirt. They just didn't give a damn. Just let 'em die a slow death. Brenner was always sayin' it was dyni', so why bother. The result is that they've only run about four or five fights in the last three years. Well, I'm here to tell Madison Square Garden, its stockholders, Teddy Brenner—God bless him—that boxing is back, Jack. The sport of the dispossessed will be climbing the mountain. Don King doesn't need the Garden. The Garden needs Don King."

THE

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**A LITTLE LESS THAN A MEAL.
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Players on pro basketball teams come and go. Rookies arrive, veterans depart. Coaches, owners, franchises vanish and reappear. But the road trip endures. Every year, every NBA player spends half his time going from place to place, existing for days at a stretch in a kind of nowhere, no-time limbo until the schedule says go home again. At the end of last season, photographer Walter Iouss Jr. followed the Milwaukee Bucks on their final road trip; John Papanek joined them last month for another swing.

The trip begins at 5:30 on a bitter cold morning, scarcely six hours after the Bucks have won a closely contested game in the Milwaukee Arena. Around the city, players are grumbling obscenities at their alarm clocks. Elmore Smith's legs are sore. Bobby Dandridge's wife is telling him not to make so much noise. Quinn Buckner is cooking himself breakfast. Mickey Davis doesn't feel well, having had a beer too many. Brian Winters had trouble coming down after a 43-point game and never did get to sleep. In a way it is good that the trip is starting this way, because at no time in the next eight days can the Bucks possibly feel worse.

Now the players are grabbing suitcases, heading to the airport for a 7:15 plane; in just 14 hours they will be playing another game in another city 1,000 miles away. No one will care if they are tired. They are paid to play. They are NBA players, which means that in a six-month season they will log more air miles than some airline stewardesses, eat in more hotel coffee shops than a traveling salesman, watch more afternoon soap operas than a housewife.

They will also clown and laugh a lot, needing each other in a kind of traveling summer camp for grown-ups: the 12 of them are together as many as 18 hours a day for as many as 13 days at a stretch in seven different cities. What is it like to spend 80 days a year this way for a 24-year-old—the average age of the Bucks, less Dandridge (29) and Fred Car-

continued

one more for the road



Right at the start of a trip, there are problems for the Milwaukee Bucks—the bus seats are too small. So are airplane lavatories and hotel beds. An NBA team on the road survives all this—plus tedium and “Search for Tomorrow”

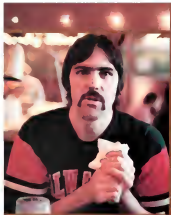
by John Papanek





Stopping while on the go: games master Dandridge (right) plays backgammon with Jim Price (now with Denver) in an airport; (from left to right) Mo'Glockin tries yet another coffee shop; Trainer Tony Spino cleans up, tapes Bridgeman; Elmore Smith gets in some heavy lobby-sitting; Dave Meyers shoots pool; Mo'Glockin gets his head together in a solitary pregame ritual.





ter (31)—with \$25 a day in pocket money over and above his salary, which likely approaches six figures?

Mostly it's a drag. The travel is hard, the hassles many: hotel beds too small, shower heads too low, airplane seats too cramped, even in first class. (Next time you squeeze yourself into an airplane lavatory, try to imagine yourself as a seven-footer.) There are many lonely hours in strange cities, with the constant irritation of being recognized in public places not as individuals—the Bucks have no highly recognizable superstars like Walt Frazier or John Havlicek—but as freaks. Every player has to answer the question people feel they must ask six-foot-niners: "Hey, are you a basketball player?"

"No. I'm a jockey," says a white player.

"I'm a hockey player," says a black.

Also, there is some airport fly-always expecting someone like Bobby Dandridge to drop two bags to sign an autograph for a nephew in Peoria. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who played six years for the Bucks before being traded to Los Angeles in 1975, once encountered the all-time autograph hound. Kareem was walking through Chicago's O'Hare Airport with Eddie Doucette, the Bucks' broadcaster, and, as always, people dropped their jaws and stared at the 7' 2" star. One man jabbed an elbow into his son's ribs, pointed at Abdul-Jabbar and began to follow him. Doucette and Kareem turned into a nearby men's room, and as they stood using the urinals, Abdul-Jabbar felt a tapping on his hip. He turned to find the boy holding out pen and paper, asking for his autograph.

A typical day on the road for the Bucks begins with an unhappy wake-up, a groggy bus ride to some airport, a rushed breakfast (avoid the pancakes in Houston, but the "B Concourse" coffee shop at O'Hare if possible) and a plane ride of indeterminate length over who-knows-what landmarks. The regular passengers on the flight seem to feel privileged that a professional basketball team is aboard, and many crane their necks to see what the Bucks are doing up front. If they are lucky enough to be flying in one of the jumbo jets, the Bucks spread themselves around the first-class cabin this way:

Dandridge is the games master, forever playing backgammon or organizing four-handed card games (whit, spades or pluck) around the coffee table usually found on the big jets, mostly with black players like Gary Brokaw, Junior Bridgeman, Alex English and Lloyd Walton. Elmore Smith, a seven-footer, is always in the front row of seats, alone, sleeping or reading a magazine. Davis and Winters are serious readers. Davis invariably pounding a Budweiser. Swen Nater is a photographer and is usually studying a camera magazine. Scott Lloyd listens to the plane's stereo through headphones. Quinn Buckner brings his own sounds. Steve Wonder's music pouring from his portable cassette player. Other Bucks are wrapped in blankets like mummies or talking with stewardesses. One thing is certain: Don Nelson, the Bucks' coach, and K. C. Jones, his assistant, are the only ones thinking and talking basketball.

Sometimes, after the plane lands, the big game is trying to guess what city they have just arrived in. More than one Buck has thought he was in Houston when, in fact, he was in Atlanta. By the time the players board the bus, they have become rambunctious. Dandridge gets on Buckner, the rookie guard from Indiana who has never played on a losing team: "Q.B.! You're the franchise, baby! They foresee a long future for you! Many long seasons right in Milwaukee!" Buckner "You're wild, Bobby. By the way, aren't the Bucks going to retire your jersey soon?"

"No way they can retire my jersey, 'cause when I leave I'm taking all my jerseys with me. They're going to have to come to my house and ask me for a jersey they can hang up."

"Yeah. They gonna ask for all of 'em."

No sooner do the players check into the hotel than they must dress for practice. If the game is that night, it will just be a shoot-around. If the game is the next night, they will go full-bore for two hours.

Back at the hotel after practice, convention delegates from, say, the Colorado Farm Bureau gaze in puzzlement at the dozen giants milling around the lobby in forest-green Milwaukee Buck warm-ups. Eventually, everyone drifts upstairs for a shower and some rack time.

If it is an off night, some players might hit their favorite restaurant—if they have one—for a good meal. Dandridge enjoys discovering new places to eat in New York. Carter is a soup freak and also digs

the ribs and shrimp at Trader Vic's in Seattle. The Boston seafood houses are very big. But most of the young Bucks are thankful for a night off and a room-service dinner, television and a good night's sleep. Winters is content to stay in his room with a book. Smith, Brokaw, Bridgeman, English and Nater seldom leave the hotel.

The Bucks arrive at the arena two hours before game time to avoid crowds, get taped and relax before warming up. Some arenas, like those in Denver and Cleveland, have comfortable dressing rooms for the visiting team. Chicago Stadium's is like a mausoleum.

After the game the players are so charged up that most need at least a couple of beers, some music and lively company to settle down. A few hook up with local friends or relatives. Some socialize with a home-team player they know, e.g., Buckner with Denver's David Thompson. Winters with Indiana's Kevin Joyce. A group of Bucks usually follows Davis to one of the places he has found. Jon McGlocklin, an eight-year Buck veteran and now the TV colorman, arrived at one spot in Denver, looked at the motorcycles and pickup trucks in the dirt parking lot and said, "I know this is a Mickey Davis place."

Davis was placed a couple of weeks ago, but bequeathed to his teammates this partial NBA guide to his favorite places: Club Ninety-Nine in Boston, Friday's in Houston, Pat O'Brien's in New Orleans, the Anchorage Bar in Portland, the Penn Bar in New York, The Fifth National Banque in Phoenix, The Pelican in Denver, Sans Souci in Atlanta, Walter Minty's in Kansas City. Sam's Attic in Indianapolis, and his two four-star joints—Dunleavy's in Detroit and The Annex near Los Angeles where you can get a frosty 32-ounce mug of Coors for 80¢.

One thing about a road trip, the longer it is, the sweeter the homecoming. When the Bucks land back at the Milwaukee airport, the girl friends are there and the wives and the tiniest of children waiting to climb into the arms of huge men like Smith and Dandridge. Some of the players and wives are going to the Junior Bridgeman's for dinner. Others will relax at home. Practice will begin at 10 o'clock sharp next morning.

The Bucks will be home for a while, then leave again. On Christmas Day **END**

Winters snacks, Meyers phones, the team practices—and it's home sweet home for Price

TWEET, YOU'RE ON CANDID TAPE RECORDER

Microphones at the ready, the collectors of wildlife sounds steal amongst the birds and beasts, capturing a library of instant replays

by ROY BONGARTZ



It is a still, moonless hour just before dawn at the edge of the frosty meadow. A tang of salt, coming from the nearby ocean into the rolling woods of Little Compton, R.I., sharpens the January air. Hidden under some trees is an International Harvester Scout that now creaks

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS



with movement. The rear door is pushed open and a craggy face framed by wool hat and muffler peers out into the wintry chill, the proud, beaky nose seeming to sniff for signs of action. Then the figure emerges, carrying a great bulky disc, a heavy metal box with straps, plus various canisters, notebooks, flashlight, wires and a vacuum bottle. Peter Kilham, master recordist of wildlife sound, is about to go to work.

The disc, a surplus Air Force radar parabola, has a microphone attached, its business end pointed at the center of the concave surface. This device greatly amplifies sound. On this morning Peter Kilham wants an owl. The landowners who permit him to drive into their woods told him they had heard owls at night but so far there have been none. He already has a tape of another owl hooting that he recorded in North Pomfret, Vt., and now he puts this reel on the machine and turns it on. "Hoo-hoot!" says the loudspeaker a couple of times. Silence. And then—ah!—a real "Hoo-hoot!" returns from far away in the woods. Peter Kilham smiles a small, chilled smile.

The tape plays again, and once more the owl replies, its hoots sounding nearer. When it is close enough to suit Kilham, the tape goes off and the earphones go on over Kilham's knit hat. Blank tape is put in place. The real owl hoots again and Kilham searches the darkness with his parabola. When the hoot comes in loud and clear, Kilham at last is ready to record. He switches on the machine and tries to relax as he stands in the dead cold, holding his listening gadget as steadily as he can. "Hoo-hoot!" sings the owl—and another Kilham masterpiece is on its way to completion.

At 71, this gangling Yankee with tousled white hair and sharp hazel eyes is one of a handful of wildlife recordists who form the vanguard of what might be called a slowly emerging sport in North America. An inventor and manufacturer of bird feeders, Kilham got into recording as a hobby, which is often the case. Some birdwatchers also enjoy having all the seasons handy at the press of a button; they can recreate the summertime crickets, buzzing bees and chirping and trilling birds on the darkest of winter nights by playing the tapes in their living rooms. Another faction is made up

of the collectors. Like the birder with his lifetime list of birds seen, collectors want the songs and calls and squawks and peeps of every bird they can get, more for the simple pride of having captured them on tape than for the joy of playing them, a collector's pleasure in the acquisition of trophies.

Much of Kilham's work comes in the editing of his tapes, adding dialogue with some naturalist friend to explain who is singing what in order to make long-playing records he sells under the Droll Yankee label. He works in a converted barn outside his western Rhode Island farmhouse, where he lives with his wife Dorothy, an expert in identifying bird calls. Kilham uses an eclectic approach to the sounds his parabola picks up. "I don't know what bird is singing and I don't care," he says of his usual feelings on a sound-hunting expedition, although sometimes he sets out for a certain sound—the owl, for example. He can watch the needle on his audiometer and tell by its jumps that he's got a bird in his mike without even hearing it. "There is always a pattern in a call," he says. "Usually I can even tell what bird it is this way."

One record of Kilham's has 31 bird calls on it, including the redwing black-bird bringing back a hot summer day with his high-pitched sound with the electric buzzing in it, and the hoarse call of the scarlet tanager, "like a robin with a sore throat," Kilham says. Bugs buzz around the microphone and frogs croak in a swamp as the white-throated sparrow calls "Peabody peabody" and a yellow warbler sings "Witchery witchery."

A woodland stream runs into a meadow on Kilham's land, making a good recording spot right at home for him, and he is happy with any natural background noise from other birds and beasts. It is road traffic, airplanes, snowmobiles and especially chain saws and lawn mowers that are his bane, which is one reason most successful tapes are made just after dawn before people start making a racket. Another reason for the early start, of course, is that dawn is the time most birds sing.

Kilham is an expert on the peculiarities of bird sounds that are sometimes beyond the reach of modern equipment. "A call may start at 5,000 cycles and shoot

continued

straight up to 25,000—no tape can keep up with that," he says. Some sounds go right on past the capacity of the human ear to hear them. "Twenty thousand is pretty awful," Kilham says, and beyond that it goes out of human range. Once he gets the sounds on tape he has a fancy gadget that brings the cycle range to within hearable limits for reproduction. "Many birdsongs contain a combination of notes given in such rapid succession and through such a range that it is impossible to reproduce them on a record," he points out. But if he can't hear it all or tape it all, he is happy enough to see it. "Some, such as the wood pewee, should be seen on an oscilloscope, where they appear as a beautiful sine curve."

Fortunately for the sound recordist, most birds have a well defined territory, a route among several trees that they keep to, and much of their chirping is "advertising song," warning other birds off, at spite of the cheery note it may strike in human ears. Thus, when a microphone is pointed at a bird perching on a branch, the bird is likely to keep returning to that exact spot to sing. Kilham has one of his parabolas mounted on gimbals so that he can quietly swing the mike in any direction. But wind can whiff around a mike and spoil things, and any tiny tap or nudge can interfere with the purity of the tweets and caws in the air all around.

Once a recordist has assembled his rig—Kilham uses a sophisticated Swiss machine costing \$2,500, a low impedance mike with its own power supply from hearing-aid batteries and a concave disc lined with foam rubber to reduce the tinniness—he needs only to practice patience. "Find a comfortable and likely spot under an old apple tree or on the edge of a pond or under the shelter of a ledge and daydream until a bird comes along," Kilham recommends. "If you know the area, you can choose a spot that the bird will come to. And if you are quiet—not nervous or jumpy—he will sing for you just as if he was in a studio. Most birds and animals seem to like to be recorded. One song sparrow insisted on following me, singing at every stop. A few animals, like the beaver, become so interested that they stop their noise and swim right up to lobitz. Always have your equipment ready for instant action. The most valuable sounds, such as the hawk's cry, the owl's hoot, the red squirrel's chatter or that of the raccoon or deer, come totally by surprise." A mod-

est cassette recorder can get good results. Kilham says, but be sure to take plenty of tape into the woods or fields with you. "Record it all," he advises, "because you may get a rare bird by mistake."

The father of American bird recording was the late Peter Paul Kellogg, a professor who helped to found the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology, where the world's largest collection of birdsong recordings—some 35,000 cuts of tapes—is available to students, commercial users such as filmmakers and television producers, or anyone else with a strong wish to hear an Alaskan fox sparrow or a West Indian tody. Jim Gullledge, an energetic young bird man who is director of the Library of Natural Sounds at Cornell, says the main scientific interest in the sounds involves research in animal communication, but sometimes bird calls can be used in imaginative ways—to "illustrate" classic plays and poetry where birds appear.

The library will provide copies of tapes that can be very useful to amateur recordists in this way: if a certain species is believed to be living in a given area, a recorded playback, like that of Kilham's owl, can be used to bring it in close enough to tape its song. Thus, if someone is missing a black-billed cuckoo from his collection, he can get a copy from Cornell, play it out in the woods, bring in a real cuckoo and tape him. Naturally, no self-respecting recordist would be satisfied with the Cornell edition of the cuckoo—the idea is to get your own bird or toad or fox. But there is a danger here, says Gullledge. "With some rare birds we have a growing concern over excessive playback use," he says. He cites the case of Swainson's warbler, which has been scared out of one habitat in Maryland because too many sound hummers have been playing its own song back to it. "If a rare bird is breeding in an area, and recordists bring in tapes day after day, the bird can become very harassed and will eventually leave the area." The coppery-tailed trogon has been similarly bothered lately in Arizona and now is even harder to find than ever. A taped version sounds perfectly natural to a bird, which, if it is of an aggressive nature, will come closer and closer to the sound and finally buzz the recording machine.

The recording of birds and other animals is a relatively new art, dating mainly from the advent of the tape recorder a couple of decades ago, and even Cornell has only some 3,000 of the estimated

8,000 species of birds in the world on its reels. Travelers send in tapes of the sounds in foreign spots—there are special collections from East Africa, Taiwan, India, Nepal, the Caribbean and northern South America—but much work remains to be done by amateur recordists.

Pliny, the Roman naturalist, wrote a rhapsody on the song of the nightingale some 2,000 years ago, and early Chinese writers extolled the beauty of bird calls, but the modern attitude that bird music is cheery and sweet dates from a German poet, Walther von der Vogelweide, who in the 13th century asked that when he died birds be fed at his tomb. Long before Edison, attempts at birdsong recording were made in penned musical notes with spelled-out syllables. An effort in 1650 had a rooster saying "Cuculica," a hen saying "Glo glo glo," a cuckoo calling "Gucu gucu," a quail muttering "Bikebik bikebik," and a parrot talking Greek. The question of whether the birds have an esthetic sense about their singing is warmly debated among recordists and birders in general. The English ornithologist Edward A. Armstrong says, "Nobody need be taken seriously who would deny that birdsongs have some esthetic qualities, as, for example, rhythm and pattern."

Besides the advertising, or no-trespassing songs, birds have other messages—especially concerning mating communications. When a female replies to a male puffin cuckoo, for example, then his song falters and he loses track of his melody. While most birds repeat their songs in predictable orders of notes, some do: the hermit thrush has many calls given in unpredictable order. Armstrong says, "Whether this be considered evidence of esthetic choice or not, it suggests such freedom to choose as is essential to artistic expression." Experts on the wood pewee claim it not only has esthetic sense but that it can also compose new music, and one report says that "significantly, this maestro stammered occasionally as if involved in a conflict or indecision as to which phrase to sing next." A recordist's treasure is a bird that can sing two notes at the same time, such as the brown thrasher or the reed warbler. The wood thrush can sing four notes together while the blue jay, according to one expert, "can sing the equivalent of a major chord."

How the birds learn their songs is another subject of disagreement. A basic

continued

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two-note phrase of the mockingbird, says Armstrong, "is supposed to be an inheritance from reptilian ancestors." A very rare triumph of the recordist's art is to capture the sound of the calls of chicks before they hatch. When the weather gets cold, curl up and greylag goose chicks peep inside the shell. The female shama imitates her mate's song so well when he flies away that he will begin to attack her when he comes home, evidently assuming the presence of a rival. Boubou shrieks sing duets, but when one of a pair dies the other doggedly sings both parts. Although Kilham says that snow on the ground improves recording conditions, spring is generally the best songbird time because birds sing most in mating season. Male long-billed marsh wrens, who are polygamous and keep mating all summer, keep singing all summer.

Most American recordists favor birds, but other animals are also popular. Kilham has many frog and toad calls, for example. One reason for the croaking of some frogs and toads is that they cannot tell each other's sex by looking at each other, only by the kind of noise they make. A male frog approached by another male will usually respond with a warning cluck—a word to the wise. Frogs can keep grunting a long time, even while under water, because they shoot air back and forth from lungs to mouth through a sounding sac. The grating snore of a pickered frog warns predators not to eat this one because he is known to taste terrible.

Toads like to set up trilling songs in groups, each choosing a slightly different note to make a fine cacophony. Behold them, as if in a rhythm section, a green frog strikes a low banyo note. The tree frog, with its crickety sound, is especially hard to record because, Kilham says, it is a ventriloquist and is very difficult to locate.

While taping the mewling of baby beavers, Kilham has found reason to discount their parents' legendary engineering skills. "As many trees fall on beavers and hit them as may fall into a dam," he says. "It's all done by chance." A series of grunts and whines comes from fighting porcupines. After a recording ended, Kilham pulled a quill from the mouth of one, but got no thanks. "They are not very emotionally responsive," he says.

Kilham begins every sound hunt with his own ears, which give him the directional information he cannot get through



his earphones. Then he points his parabola in the general direction of his prey and zeroes in that way. Although stereo recording is technically possible, he says there is no point to it with animal sounds because each cry or call comes from a single point. While at work in the field, Kilham holds his big round sound catcher out before him like a medieval knight about to face a mounted attack.

Wildlife recordists are most numerous in England, where the various noises of animals have attracted specialists who like to salt away such unlikely aural scenes as the amplified sound of a snail eating lettuce (*c-r-r-r-unch, c-r-r-r-unch*), of dung beetles at work in a pile of manure (snappings) or of a badger breathing in his den, that one taken by a mike poked down inside from the ground above (*shhh, shhh*). A couple of hundred members of a group called the Wildlife Sound Recording Society send tapes to an annual contest held in London by 3M United Kingdom, Ltd., the Scotch Tape people. Prizes of equipment and tape have gone to producers of the sounds of a hedgehog barking, a cricket cricketing, a fallow deer in rut, a fly caught in a spider's web, a beetle stridulating, gulls in a strong wind, a blackbird singing in a holly tree against a high wind that caused the leaves to squeak, and foxes mating.

One winner (snail with lettuce) is Ray Goodwin, a Gloucestershire dairyman who likes to hide at night in a hedgerow with his recorder and earphones and listen in on a badger, whom he has never seen. "I do know that he goes out every night at 10," says Goodwin. "I can hear him waking up, scratching and grooming himself. It's the same with the foxes. There's a vixen and some little ones, and I can hear them waking up every night

and crawling out to run around and play outside. I don't need to see them." (The overall 1976 winner was, in fact, a blind man.) Goodwin will spend three or four hours during the long English evenings in his hedgerow while his wife and three children watch television in the stone farmhouse below. Asked how his wife looks at his hobby, Goodwin says, "She is right behind me all the way."

Although most of these auditory sportsmen are clearly in it for fun, Goodwin says. "We may discover some new scientific facts. We want to let animal experts listen to our tapes and draw their own conclusions. Right now the fox books say that the vixen screams and that the male fox barks. This is not true. I can prove that the dog screams, too. What this clearly means is that our knowledge of the vocalization of the fox is incomplete." The English have a bird and animal sound library similar to that at Cornell, known as the British Library of Wildlife Sound (BLOWS for short), where recordists like Goodwin can try to identify strange sounds they may have taped. The library may possess the world's first birdsong recording, said to have been done on an Edison cylinder in 1908 by a German immigrant to England named Ludwig Koch. He made a bequest to BLOWS that has not yet been fully catalogued.

A Canadian ornithologist, William W. H. Gunn, of Edmonton, Alberta, is another who has devoted much of his professional life to recording and has an important sound library of over 2,000 reels of tapes made in North America and elsewhere that are often used on radio and television. Besides all the American birds, he has such mammals as a buffalo, a prairie dog, a mountain goat, a mink and a hippopotamus, along with

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WILDLIFE SOUNDS continued

a variety of wolves, and there are many snakes, frogs and bugs as well. Gunn says, "There is no completely satisfactory substitute for placing the microphone close to the object." He agrees with Kilham that the parabolic reflector is the best way to get good sound; the cannon or shotgun mikes do not work nearly so well. The parabola does emphasize high-frequency sounds, but with most bird calls this is no disadvantage.

Parabolas can block your view of what you're aiming at. The English answer is to bore a hole in the disc to peer through. But a Toronto filmmaker, Don Gibson, makes transparent plastic reflectors that you can see through. As for maximum distance from a target, Gibson says, "I have successfully recorded the call of the loon from a half to three-quarters of a mile away, across a lake, under ideal conditions at night. I have successfully recorded wolves at a quarter to a half mile away. For smaller birds, I like to make my recordings within 100 feet, if possible. If noise or wind conditions are bad, the closer the better." As for the tape you use, Gibson prefers a one-mil thickness, but to insure against print-through—that is, picking up unwanted sound on the reverse side—a stronger 1½-mil strength is advisable. He suggests a taping speed of 15 inches per second for good results with high-frequency notes and for ease in editing. Kilham urges novices to write down details of time, place and animal description in a notebook at the time of recording, or else to put this information into the tape orally. Otherwise the sound may be unidentifiable, and it is seldom that a recordist will be satisfied with anonymous twitters and hoots.

By assiduous tape editing, skilled recordists like Kilham can put together a sort of symphony out of many different tapes. One record he assembled, called *The Swamp in June*, features flies, bees, crickets, frogs, birds and "the pained groaning of pooker frogs," as he describes it. Although recordists are generally the enemies of all the racket of modern life and like to find deeply hidden woods and clearings where no beat of diesel truck or fire siren or outboard motor can reach them, Kilham has a good word for one artificial sound. "Planes are not all bad," he says. "When a plane goes over, the frogs start up their peeping even if they've been quiet for hours, and they'll keep it going for quite a while afterward." **END**

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Bundle from home for the Bulldogs

Rickey Brown sets off wild dreams of the NCAA finals at Mississippi State

The NCAA finals will take place in Atlanta about 90 days from now, but the outcome came close to being determined last April at a kitchen table in the sleepy little community of Canton, Miss. when 6'10" schoolboy star Rickey Brown did not put his signature on a scholarship agreement with either Michigan or Kentucky. Had Brown done so—and he was seriously considering bestowing his talents upon one or the other—the NCAA could have packed its big trophy off to either Ann Arbor or Lexington and forgotten about this year's tournament right then and there. The already powerful Wolverines or Wildcats would have been home free.

Instead, Brown's decision to play for Mississippi State has made this season to be jolly in Starkville. By listening to his parents and staying close to home, he has given the long-suffering Bulldogs—eighth in the Southeastern Conference last season—a top-notch pivotman for the first time since the departure of Bailey Howell nearly 20 years ago.

In his fourth varsity game, for example, Brown demolished Southern Mississippi with 32 points, 17 rebounds and four blocked shots as State won 96-72. When red-hot Texas hit 17 of its first 21 shots in the second half, MSU trailed by 15 points. But Brown eventually hit three consecutive jumpers to be the game in regulation time, then swished two more in overtime to give the Bulldogs a 91-89 victory that made their record 7-0. Brown leads the team in scoring (21.3 points), rebounding (13.4) and shooting

percentage (.551) and is the main reason why State, too, has begun to dream of a trip to the wide-open 1977 NCAA finals.

For its many-splendored freshman, that would be a homecoming of sorts. Brown lived with relatives in Atlanta for three years so he could play high school ball in the big city and learn tricks of his trade he would never have picked up in Canton. As a senior at Atlanta's West Fulton High, he averaged 28.9 points and 19.8 rebounds. The scouting services agreed that he was a superbly coordinated scorer-defender. Weighing only 210 pounds, all he lacks is breadth; he is built along the lines of Bob McAdoo and seems headed for similar achievements. Brown's offense consists mostly of jump shots at this point, but he can turn and fire from the foul line or dribble laterally and bank one in off the glass with equal ease. He does not play volleyball with offensive rebounds as yet. But there is nothing docile about the way he works for position in the 10- to 15-foot area, nor is he bashful about waving his long arms to show that he wants the ball. He runs like a forward and dribbled nearly the length of the floor to score after a steal against Southern Mississippi.

Brown is the leader of what appears to be the finest class of big men to emerge from high school since freshmen regained their eligibility four years ago. His talented contemporaries include Louisiana State's Durand Macklin, who was upstaged by Brown's 21-point, 22-rebound performance in an all-star game in Louisville last spring. Macklin, who is only 6'7", pulled down a school-record 32 rebounds in his varsity debut against Tulane. Brown's teammate in a Georgia all-star game was Tennessee's 6'9" Reggie Johnson, who had a perfect 7 for 7 shooting night against UNC-Charlotte that included the game-winning basket just before the buzzer. Even with Johnson in the lineup the Vols were beaten by Duke, which got 15 points, 11 rebounds and five blocked shots from a 6'11", 255-pound moose named Mike Givins. Other standout freshmen big men are South Carolina's 6'9" Jim Graziano, who made 11 straight shots against Harvard to tie a school record, 6'11" Roosevelt Bouie of Syracuse, Purdue's 7-foot Joe Barry Carroll, 7-foot Jawann Oldham of Seattle and Washington State's 6'11" Stuart House, who, like Brown, was heavily recruited by Michigan.

Brown's decision to go to Mississippi

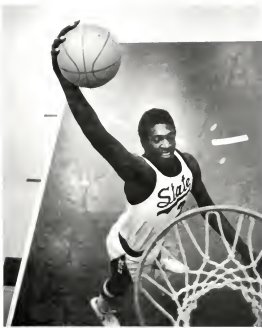
State still stuns a number of the coaches who chased after him, including the Wolverines' Johnny Orr and the Wildcats' Joe Hall. Rickey says he would have enjoyed playing for Michigan, but is still shivering from the 20° weather he encountered in Ann Arbor in March. Besides, Michigan already had a chromatic cat in the lineup named Rickey Green. Mississippi State's next-door neighbor Alabama was never in the running, which is consoling to box score readers since 'Bama starts its own center named—you guessed it—Rickey Brown. For a long time Kentucky had the inside track ("I mean I had seen Mississippi," says Brown), until an unusual turn of events helped decide the issue during Rickey's official visit to Lexington on the last weekend of the SEC season.

As fate would have it, Kentucky's opponent was Mississippi State, which hasn't won in Lexington since 1967. The condescending attitude of the hometown fans seemed to play on the sympathies of the Wildcats' young visitor, who found himself pulling for the Bulldogs. Brown had made several friends during his visit to Starkville two weeks earlier, and with an 86-79 lead in hand with 1:24 to play it looked as though his buddies were going to spring a big upset. As it turned out, Kentucky roared back to win 94-93, but Rickey was not impressed. It was the Mississippi State players he chased after when the horn sounded, finally catching up with Forward Ray White just before he reached the losers' locker room.

"Nice game," was all Brown could think to say when he noticed the look on White's face, yet the remark must have helped soften the Bulldogs' defeat. When White saw the chance, he took Coach Kermit Davis aside and said, "It was a tough one to lose, but I think we're going to get Rickey. I saw him after the game and he was about to cry."

Bulldog Forward Gary Hooker, a cool-headed skeptic from New York City, figured he wouldn't get excited until he saw what kind of college player the kid was going to be. "What do I think of him now?" says Hooker. "Well, he wouldn't look like a country boy back in New York City, if that's what you mean. He can dribble the ball, and he's got that touch. All in all, I can't say I've got any complaints with Rickey Brown."

That's easy for Hooker to say, but the rest of the SEC will soon be screaming bloody murder.



The versatile pivotman State hasn't had in 10 years. Barrow dunks for an undefeated team.

THE WEEK

WEST Critics of Bill Cartwright who say they have been waiting . . . and waiting . . . and waiting for the San Francisco center to live up to the rave reviews he received in high school can relax. Cartwright has arrived. In a 93-87 win over Florida State the 6'11½" sophomore from Elk Grove, Calif. broke loose for a school record of 43 points.

Who held the old record? "I did!" replied USF Coach Bob Gallard. "And I think it's great Cartwright broke it. Now a lot of people will know I played basketball here, too."

The Dons also beat Oral Roberts 86-76 and Cal-Poly Pomona 96-68.

The Ghost of Christmas Past seems to be

haunting UCLA's Gene Barrow, the man who inherited a team history he could hardly hope to improve on. Against William & Mary, an opponent that John Wooden's old Bruin teams would have frightened right off the court, Barrow's 1977 contingent required eight pressure-packed free throws in the final minute to gain a 59-55 victory that seemed more like a loss.

Gramed, the Bruins could not go to Marques Johnson, who scored 25 points in UCLA's 89-74 victory over San Jose State but missed most of the second half against William & Mary because of a bruised knee. But as one long-time UCLA season-ticket holder noted on his way out of Pauley Pavilion, "At least the games are exciting now."

Nevada-Las Vegas burned Murray State 104-77 and Oklahoma 100-89 as Forward Eddie Owens scored a total of 42 points. Owens had collected 39 in one game the previous week against Idaho on a near-perfect

shooting night in which he swished 19 of 23 from the floor.

Long Beach State will soon be off its long three-year probation. But while the 49ers were looking forward to their precious date of freedom, Jan. 5, they took a swipe from Montana, 77-75. The Grizzlies also scored Arizona State half to death before succumbing 88-82 in Tempe.

Pepperdine jumped to a 30-12 lead against taller Washington State in Spokane and held on for a 71-67 triumph. Utah 16-3 beat Weber State in overtime 88-81 as Jeff Jones scored 19 points and had 15 assists.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (12-0)

2. ARIZONA (8-1) 3. UCLA (7-1)

MIDWEST "I'd pay to watch our kids play," said Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton, who got in free and spent two very enjoyable nights on the bench last week as his red-hot Hogs completed a sweep of Kansas and Kansas State. In a 67-63 victory at Lawrence, Marvin Delph, one of Arkansas' three deadly shooters, hit 11 of 19 shots. Ron Brewer went 6 for 10 and Sidney Moncrief was 6 for 9. If Sutton had been obliged to buy a ticket for the KSC game in Fayetteville, he might have been in trouble. New football Coach Lou Holtz had to work overtime to find a stray ticket for a prospective assistant who was visiting, and the court-record 6,453 lucky people who did get a seat in Bartlett Arena saw Arkansas win 80-65. This time, Delph bagged 13 out of 19, Brewer hit 9 of 15 and Moncrief went 7 for 9. "If you don't watch out," Sutton chuckled, "those three guys will kill you."

Kansas beat St. Louis 69-68 when freshman Guard Hasan Houston, a top high school player in the St. Louis area a year ago, dropped in two free throws with 20 seconds to play in the second overtime. Said Coach Randy Albrecht of the Billikens' worst start (0-8) in 50 years, "This may put us on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch's* 100 Neediest Cases list as Christmas."

Wichita State beat Brigham Young 69-63, as Big Moe and Cheese did most of the damage. Big Moe is 245-pound Center Bob Elmore, who scored a dozen points and grabbed 16 rebounds. Cheese is Lyntel Johnson, who recorded a season-high 21 points and snatched 11 rebounds.

Memphis State was stunned by the death of junior Center John Gunn, who was stricken with an illness that affects the body's mucous membranes. The Tigers learned of Gunn's death shortly before a game with Mississippi, discussed whether or not to play, then went out and won 83-83. Louisville coasted to an 81-71 victory over UT-Chattanooga. Cincinnati did not play.

1. CONNACATI (7-0)

2. LOUISVILLE (5-2) 3. ARKANSAS (8-0)

continued

MIDEAST Al McGuire's timing has never been quite what one would term impeccable. A pair of inopportune technical fouls against the Marquette coach cost his team a chance to win the 1974 NCAA finals, and two more outbursts by McGuire helped Indiana defeat Marquette in last year's Midwest Regional. But when Mr. Loquacious announced two weeks ago that he would retire at the end of the season to devote himself to business interests, the news appeared to suck the confidence out of his unbeaten team. The Warriors lost two straight at home—to Louisville 78-75 in overtime and to Minnesota 66-59—and that hadn't happened in Milwaukee Arena for a decade.

"I would hope there's something more to life than coaching guys in short pants," said McGuire, who will become vice-chairman for a company that specializes in making sports equipment. "I would prefer to work behind the scenes, rather than the way I do now."

Marquette could have beaten Louisville in regulation time if Guard Butch Lee had made a free throw with no time remaining. But Lee missed, spooling a 30-point performance and allowing the Cardinals to prevail on a late basket by Center Rocky Gallon. While the Warriors were still reeling from that setback, Minnesota's unbeaten Gophers brought their probationary show to town. Using three players who, the NCAA says, should be declared ineligible, the Gophers jumped to an astonishing 24-point lead early in the second half. Center Mike Thompson, an NCAA target who allegedly sold a ticket for more than it was worth, rapped Marquette's knuckles with 23 points. Minnesota ran its record to 7-0 by beating Kansas State 62-60.

Marquette's woes and Minnesota's alleged misdeeds sounded familiar to Kentuckians, who suffered through the following four-day purge:

- Before the Kentucky Invitational tournament, Coach Joe B. Hall suspended three players, including 6'10" Center Mike Phillips and freshman Guard Jay Shidler, for curfew violations.

- Two nights later Utah upset the Wildcats 70-68 on a last-second basket by Guard Earl Williams, stopping the nation's longest winning streak at 16 games.

- The next day the NCAA placed Kentucky's football and basketball programs on probation for two years, limiting L.K.'s scholarship allotment in basketball but wopping short of prohibiting the Wildcats from postseason play.

Tennessee Coach Ray Meigs left St. Alban's Hospital in Radford, Va. after a five-week stay because of nervous exhaustion and is feeling much better, thank you, after what he has seen of his reinstated star Bernard King. The junior forward dismantled Xavier of Ohio 97-73 with 32 points, then roared on with 31 and 55 as the Vols reached the finals of the Real Madrid Christmas tourna-

ment in Spain. Tennessee is 6-2, including an 86-81 victory over previously unbeaten St. John's in the Vol Classic.

The University of Detroit hired an old Missouri man, Arizona Coach Fred Snowden, back home and made sure he wouldn't forget the trip by springing a 70-68 upset on the Wildcats on a last-second shot by Guard Dennis Boyd. Titans Coach Dick Vitale went bananas, got tossed in the shower by his janitorial players and turned up at the post-game party soaking wet. Snowden said he didn't care to play at the U of Detroit again, and took his players down to Purdue where the ex-amateur Boilermakers flunked out against Wildcat Center Bob Elliott. Elliott scored 22 points, blocked one shot all the way into the Purdue band and came within one of the Mackey Arena rebound record with 20 as Arizona won 85-76.

Counting an earlier loss at Notre Dame, Indiana had lost three straight. But the Hoosiers got rolling again with a 50-42 decision over DePaul and victories over Utah State 79-71 and Miami of Ohio 76-55 in the Indiana Classic. Bobby Knight started his sixth different lineup combination against Utah State, and freshman Guard Mike Woodson was the star with 26 points and 10 rebounds. Center Kent Benson wrecked Miami with 26 points and 15 rebounds.

It is becoming as difficult to get a ticket for a Michigan basketball game as it is for football. Crisler Arena was even sold out—13,609 strong—for the top-rated Wolverines' 104-63 slaughter of Central Michigan. Center Phil Hubbard scored a career-high 26 points. Notre Dame won by the same margin in its 89-48 conquest of Vermont. Trailing 2-0, the Irish tipped off 30 consecutive points. Michigan State topped North Carolina State 78-60 behind Greg Kessler's 24 points. DePaul beat Army 77-66 and Niagara 68-58.

Tennessee Tech was the surprise winner of a well-stocked women's tournament in Columbus, Miss., beating Mississippi U. for Women 87-58 in the semifinals and overwhelming Stephen F. Austin 102-68 in the finals.

1. MICHIGAN (5-0)

2. KENTUCKY (6-1) 3. NOTRE DAME (7-0)

EAST Alabama won the Carolina Classic in South Carolina by handily defeating Georgetown its first loss of the season in the semifinals 66-64, then outlasting the host Gamecocks 67-62 in the finals. This was important to the Crimson Tide in many respects. It was the second tournament "Bama" had won in five days; it marked the first time the school had won two tournaments in the same season; it spoiled South Carolina's upset plans following a 90-66 defeat at the hands of Alabama a month ago; it boosted the team's season record to 8-0; it exposed a new star in freshman Guard Robert Scott—and all this

was accomplished despite sub-400 shooting from the field.

Senior Center Ricky Brown also played a valuable role by nipping up 23 points against Georgetown. But his splurge was made possible, in part, by Scott's outside shooting which prevented the Hoyas' zone defense from collapsing around Brown and Forward Reggie King. Despite its overall poor shooting from the floor, Alabama did well at the foul line and drew numerous chances, sinking 22 of 29. Scott then helped stave off a late South Carolina surge with three baskets in the last six minutes, and "Bama" retained enough poise to make 10 of 14 free throws in the final 241.

When Ronnie Perry picked Holy Cross over North Carolina, Notre Dame and Davidson, his new coach, George Blaney, said, "Ronnie could have played for us when he was a junior in high school. But no one is going to believe he is only a freshman." As proof positive of this, Perry joined a veteran team that went 22-10 last year and quickly became its leader. Against Iowa he connected on 13 of 16 shots, scored 29 points and chipped in with six assists as Holy Cross (7-0) won 95-79. Perry had 18 more in an easy 86-68 affair with Harvard.

North Carolina led Brigham Young 24-20 midway through the first half when the Tar Heels suddenly exploded, outscoring the Cougars 42-15 for a 66-35 halftime lead. The final score was 113-93. Said BYU Coach Frank Arnold, a former UCLA assistant, of the Tar Heels' Bruin-like outburst: "I've never seen such basketball in my 20-odd years of coaching. It was utterly devastating." The main culprit was Guard Phil Ford, who had five seals and racked up 14 assists in 27 minutes of play. Ford's whirling-dervish act included one spectacular save in which he flew toward the seats to knock a loose ball back in to Forward Mike O'Koren, who dunked. O'Koren continues to draw approval from Carolina fans, who mention him as the same breath with their three Olympians—Ford, Walter Davis and Tom LaGarde. Against BYU, D'Koren shot 10 times, made eight, scored 20 points and pulled down 11 rebounds.

Maryland's Lefty Driscoll has a golf cart to get around the practice floor since his Achilles tendon operation but got so furious over his team's failure to use the backboard when shooting layups that he peled out of the cart, placaster and all, to give a demonstration. "You guys look like you've never been coached," said Lefty, unimpressed by the boomerang effect of such a line. No matter—the Terps swamped Bucknell 106-72 in one of those evenly matched, tooth-and-nail struggles that make the advent of the conference schedules such a pleasing prospect.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (6-1)

2. MARYLAND (6-1) 3. GEORGETOWN (5-1)

\$200 Cash Bonus on Vega, the lowest priced American wagon,* through Jan. 10, 1977.



\$200 Cash Bonus direct from Chevrolet.

Buy a new Vega Wagon from stock by January 10th, and you get a \$200 cash bonus from Chevrolet. This bonus applies regardless of the purchase price you agree on with your dealer. (It also applies to the purchase of Vega Hatchback and Sport Coupe models and new Chevettes.) Use this bonus against the down payment, or, if you prefer, Chevrolet will send you a check.

*Based on a comparison of
Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices.

Vega's Dura-Built engine guarantee is an added value feature that's good for 5 years or up to 60,000 miles, whichever comes first. It covers repairs due to defects in materials or workmanship of the cylinder block and head, manifolds, water pump and all internal engine parts. It means that should something go wrong with the engine, your Chevrolet dealer will fix it free. It



**Chevrolet's
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engine
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5 years or
60,000 miles.**

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**33
24**

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for Vega Wagon with its standard Dura-Built 1400 engine and manual transmission. EPA figures are estimates. The mileage you get will vary depending on your type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and available equipment. In California, EPA figures are lower.



Vega Estate



Today's Vega

Chevrolet

A Wise man and his gift

All their expenses paid, the top European stars came to Wisconsin for the first U.S. Nordic World Cup event and were dazzled by the hoopla and tough trails

There was the unmistakable flavor of the Olympics in the air—national flags waving from their masts, tongue-twisting names on the entry list, world-class racers in the field. Yet, stirred in with this heady stuff was a weird mixture of sounds and sights: the boom of Indian drums and the jangle of their dance bells, the cacophony of singles bar chatter, the howl of wolves in the woods, the shouts of small children. And everywhere there was learned babble on the occult science of ski waxing—in Finnish, Norwegian, German and the flat inflections of Vermont English.

It was bizarre, yet somehow all of it blended together in astonishing harmony last week in the north woods of Wisconsin during an event that carried the unlikely label of the Gitchi Gami Games. The name (Longfellow called it Gitchee Gumee in "Hiawatha") is derived from Ojibwa and means "Great Waters," and the Gitchi Gami Games were at once siz-

able, consequential and dependent upon frozen water, being the most prestigious Nordic ski-racing contest in the United States since the Squaw Valley Olympics in 1960. The games attracted a field of European cross-country skiers the likes of whom never assemble outside their native continent except when an Olympics demands it. For most Americans, their names had all the impact of those on a page torn from the Helsinki phone book, but in Scandinavia and Central Europe they belong to heroes. There were the Finns: Arto Koivisto, Matti Pitkanen, Juhani Repo; the Norwegians: Oddvar Brå, Odd Martinsen, Magne Myrnes; Thomas Magnuson of Sweden, Franz Renggli of Switzerland and Georg Zipfel of West Germany. Perhaps the only familiar face was that of the young Amer-

ican hero of Innsbruck, Billy Koch, whose silver medal in the 30-kilometer Olympic race may have been regarded as a miracle by the uninformed in the U.S., but was hardly that shocking to European cross-country fans who had seen Billy coming on for a couple of years.

The U.S. has never been much more than a tagalong in world-class races (before Koch's second, no American had ever been better than 15th in an Olympic cross-country event). Consequently, Europeans have viewed U.S. Nordic-style skiing with scorn—or not viewed it at all. Thus it was surprising that they should design to come to this cross-country wasteland—to a remote place called Telemark in the far reaches of northwest Wisconsin. To be sure, the race, a 15-kilometer event, had been sanctioned by the *Fédération Internationale de Ski*. It was also an official event on the Nordic World Cup schedule for 1976-77. This is the relatively new (it is in its fourth season) and controversial series that offers racers a chance to accumulate points over a 14-race international season, and helps produce a ranking of the world's best skiers. It is similar to the Alpine World Cup circuit, but the Scandinavian countries



Telemark's Tony Wax moved money and muscle to create the "American Cup," and Finland's Matti Pitkanen led a European sweep of the first nine places in the 15-kilometer cross-country race



have refused to sanction the formula, saying they would participate at Telemark only if the words "World Cup" were never, never used. So last week's race was called the American Cup, even though it was in truth a World Cup event—and a landmark in that it was the first ever held in America.

However, the question remains: What induced Europe's cross-country stars to come 4,000 miles for a race completed in little more than 40 minutes before only a couple of hundred people from Wisconsin? The answer lies in the imagination—and the wallet—of one Tony Wise, a bulky, round-faced, 55-year-old promoter/entrepreneur who has run the Telemark ski area for almost 30 years.

In 1947 Tony Wise bought a small swelling of glacial moraine 18 miles north of Hayward, Wis. for \$750, got a war-surplus Jeep engine to run a rope tow and went into the ski-resort business. Although it is a celebrated joke around the Midwest that Telemark is the only ski area in the world where the lodge is bigger than the mountain, the 370-foot hill attracted many Plains States skiers. But not enough to maintain itself by skiing alone, and Wise had to rely on the splashy 'promotion, the clever gimmick. He hired big-name performers—from Duke Ellington to Chubby Checker. He threw an annual dinner called the Blue Ox Feast. He created a mass citizens' cross-country race, the American-Birkebeiner, which has come to be the U.S.' largest (it will probably draw 3,000 in February). In 1972 he began adding a network of cross-country trails (now close to 60 miles), and last year the U.S. team held its Olympic Trials at Telemark—largely because it had not snowed at Lake Placid, the original training site. Logically or not, all of this caused Tony Wise's imagination to percolate, and he came up with the idea of holding a world-class race at Telemark. "I was trying to think of a vehicle to promote the Birkebeiner Race," he says, "and this is what came to mind."

Fair enough. To hold such a race, all Wise had to do was 1) get himself a world-class cross-country course and 2) entice a field of world-class racers to show up in Wisconsin. Being a man of direct action, Wise decided that the quickest way to do this was to spend money. Which he did. He spent \$100,000 last summer to build a spectacular new series of racing trails. They were designed by the U.S. team coach, Marty Hall, a veter-

an of many years on the international circuit, and they wind through the woods in a classic arrangement of chilling downhill drops (skiers reach speeds of 40 mph) and killing uphill climbs that drew gasping praise from the experts. John Caldwell, a former Olympian and coach who has long been one of America's best-known cross-country authorities, says that Telemark now has the finest trail network in this country, and Koch says that even in Europe the only course superior to Telemark's is the Olympic trail at Seefeld.

To get the racers, Wise put up another \$60,000 for their plane fares, three days' lodging and food—everything from the moment they left home until they returned. He paid for the top U.S. skiers as well. Wise put everyone up at his Telemark Lodge, an eclectic place geared for every kind of guest from families who cook in their rooms to singles on the prowl through the cavernous carpeted lobbies, bars and bullfrooms. Because Tony's psyche is perhaps charged a little more with the spirit of P. T. Barnum than that of Uli, the Norse ski god, he laid on an entertainment package that included several dozen Ojibwa Indians in full feather doing ceremonial dances, and he gave out lavish gifts, including fur-lined deerskin gloves made by the Indians.

When Wise had completed his preparations, the quality of the field was not in doubt. World Cup rules require that at least 10 racers who earned 20 or more points the previous season must be in the field for a race to be sanctioned. At Telemark there were 16, including Koivisto, who was No. 2; Myrnes, No. 4; Brå, No. 6; Repo, No. 7; and Koch, No. 8. Koch said: "There are only three World Cup races all this season that will be as good as this one. They are all in Scandinavia at the end of the season."

Of course, much of the attention—and the pressure—was on the 21-year-old Koch to deliver something spectacular in his first major American race. It was a lot to expect. Few young men have ever undergone such a wrenching transformation in life-style as Billy Koch has since winning his silver medal. Less than a year ago he was an intense, asocial young man, perhaps bordering on the reclusive, who seemed to enjoy the loneliness, the introspection, even the selfless suffering of cross-country skiing. Then he became an instant star, and his shell of solitude was shattered. His days were filled with promotional appointments, contract negoti-

ations and pleas for interviews and autographs. These interrupted his concentration and disrupted his training. A month or so before Telemark he suffered a debilitating reaction to medication he was taking for a chronic asthmatic condition, an excruciating malady for a cross-country racer in that it is severely aggravated both by extreme exertion and by cold weather. Koch, who is 5' 11" and normally weighs 165, lost 15 pounds at one point. The week before the race he caught a cold. And the disastrous shortage of snow in the U.S. caused him and the rest of the American team to complete only about half of the on-snow training they had last year at the same time. The U.S. Nordic team director, John Bower, said before the race, "I don't see how Billy can do anything very impressive. I'd have to say his chances are pretty slim—but I've seen him surprise the heck out of everyone before."

The day of the American Cup race was partly cloudy, and the course was not particularly fast. And whatever you wanted to call it, the event did not belong to America. From the start, Koch looked oddly limp, grim and determined but obviously far off form. In a field of 78, which included dozens of American and Canadian rookies, he struggled to finish 27th and will not enter any more World Cup races until he has fully recuperated. Europeans swept the first nine places. The winner was Pitkanen, a member of Finland's 1976 gold-medal Olympic relay team, who completed the course in 43:32.7. Brå was second in 43:50.6, followed by two more powerful Finns, Repo and Koivisto. The best American finish—and a very good one in such a select field—was 10th by Stan Dunklee, 22, of Brattleboro, Vt., a U.S. team member since 1974 who had never before placed higher than 27th in an international race. Tim Caldwell, 22, of Putney, Vt., who finished 15th, was the only other American in the top 20.

Despite the relative mediocrity of the American performances at Telemark last week, the race itself was a milestone. Everything about the Gitchi Gami Games was world-class (with the possible exception of the name), and Tony Wise has every intention of staging it again next year—and for a long time to come. He said, "We're like Green Bay with the Packers. We may be a small town in a remote place, but we got here first—and we're going to stick with it."

END

Of all menthol 100's:

Iceberg 100's are lowest in tar!

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tar than the two
best-selling
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ICEBERG 100's
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Brand S
*Of all brands tested

"tar" 4 mg, nicotine 0.4 mg
tar 17 mg, nicotine 1.3 mg
tar 19 mg, nicotine 1.3 mg
"tar" 1 mg, nicotine 0.1 mg

*As per cigarette by FTC method

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health

4 mg "tar" 0.4 mg nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method

SOCCER / Paul Gardner

Four nights in a row the stumpy little bus took the players of the U.S. national soccer team back to their hotel after the training sessions. Each night, as the bus pulled away from the stadium in downtown Port-au-Prince, hundreds of yelling and cheering young boys ran along behind for the first hundred yards or so. Then they fell back and the little bus sped off through the dappled nighttime of the erratically lit streets, clattering and snorting and leaving behind in the heavy warm air the raucous strains of Yankee Doodle Dandy, or I Am A Gonna Grieve No More.

All along the route, the Haitians in the crowded streets stopped to turn and stare after this extraordinary parcel of foreign noise passing through their city. Some smiled, some waved and some shouted, but they all noticed.

Not so noticeable, because a good deal quieter, was a similar bus that left the stadium earlier each evening carrying the Canadian national team.

For the moment Canada and the U.S. were just two of more than 100 national teams involved in the qualifying rounds of the World Cup, soccer's quadrennial Holy Grail, to be held in Argentina in the summer of 1978 for the 16 finalists. The two countries had started their quest along with Mexico in a three-nation subgroup from which two of them would go on to the next round. Mexico had won the round-robin series but the U.S. and Canada had ended up with identical 1-2-1 records. To decide which would advance, a single playoff game at a neutral site was necessary. When the U.S. and Canada could not agree on where and when the game should be played, the World Cup organizers sold them: Port-au-Prince, Haiti, three days before Christmas.

The Americans approved. They had played four games in Haiti in November, and felt at home in Port-au-Prince. The Canadians, suffering financial problems, had favored Mexico or Bermuda to keep down traveling costs. But when the World Cup organizing committee decides, there is either obedience or there is a forfeit. Canada would play in Haiti.

Coach Walt Chyzowych put his U.S. squad—players of U.S. citizenship predominantly from the North American Soccer League—through a series of preparatory games in Curaçao and Surinam

End of a dream in Haiti

Canada closed out U.S. ambitions for '78 World Cup glory on a neutral field

His confidence before meeting Canada was total. "We are ready," he said. "I think the score could be 3-0 to us."

Within a minute of the start, the U.S. had its chance—two chances, in fact—to score the vital first goal. A hectic scramble in the Canadian goal mouth raised a great cloud of dust on the desert-dry field and left the ball running loose to Center-Forward Freddy Grgurev from the German-American soccer league. His solid eight-yard shot spun away off the body of a Canadian defender. From the subsequent corner kick, a glancing header by Minnesota's Mike Flater was a little too finely angled, sending the ball wide of the left-hand post.

Three minutes later, Seattle's powerful Boris Bandov broke through with only Goalkeeper Zeljko Bilecki to beat. Bandov's shot was taken too soon and Bilecki had the split second he needed to dive and smother the ball.

The Canadians had been lucky, but they had survived and were playing the ball forward with a methodical coolness so different from the brittle nervousness that characterized the U.S. raids. Their first threat came on a diving header that seemed almost in the net until Goalkeeper Arnie Mausser of Tampa Bay threw himself across the goal and scooped the ball away from the foot of the post.

Twenty-two minutes into the game came the crucial play, and this time the outcome was less happy for Mausser. From out near the left touchline, Canadian Left Back Bruce Wilson lofted a 40-yard free kick, a ball that seemed to dip suddenly as it came into the American goal mouth. Mausser came out for it, and came up with nothing. The ball ran through to Brian Budd, who volleyed for

goal from six yards out. Standing on the goal line, U.S. Captain Al Trost of St. Louis, tried to block the shot, only to see it spin off his thigh and into the net Canada 1, U.S. 0.

From then on, the pattern of the game was set. The Americans, needing the equalizer, would have to abandon any thought of caution. The Canadians would defend with as many as eight men but would always be looking for the chance to counterattack, hoping to catch the Americans with too many men upfield.

When the U.S. came out for the second half, Trost was missing; suffering from an intestinal infection, he had barely survived the first 45 minutes. Urged on by New York's vociferous and ubiquitous Bobby Smith—nominally a fullback but now running full tilt wherever he thought he could get to the ball—the Americans battered away at the Canadian defense. For 20 minutes the ball seemed to be dancing and bouncing and hubbub around the Canadian penalty area, but the sad truth for the Americans was that all of this was getting them nowhere. As, so often happens in soccer, it was the counterattacks of the defending team that looked the more dangerous.

As the clock ticked on and the equalizing goal just would not come, the U.S. play, never exactly smooth, became noticeably edgy. And that nervousness finally destroyed the American hopes.

With 20 minutes left and the Canadians still hanging on to their one-goal lead, U.S. Fullback Steve Pecher of Dallas—whose crudely robust tackling in the first half had somehow escaped the referee's censure—suddenly kicked Victor Kodelja's legs out from under him. It was an absurd foul, committed at midfield in a situation that presented no threat at all to the U.S. Almost before Kodelja hit the ground, the referee was racing toward Pecher, whistle blaring, his left hand groping into his breast pocket.

The only question was which card would come out of that pocket, yellow for a caution or red for ejection. The referee's arm swept commandingly straight up in the air, and in his hand a small rectangle of red flashed in the floodlights.

Pecher trudged to the bench, and the U.S. would have to play a man short. But with all the perversity that is so typical of soccer, the 10-man team now seemed to be more organized. There was

Bobby Smith, for example, his straggly hair dancing on his shoulders as he raced down the right wing, delivering a perfect cross, right to Bandov racing in at full speed and heading it powerfully—but a foot or two over the bar.

With five minutes left in the game, the inevitable Canadian second goal arrived. Budd again broke through the middle, this time laying off a perfect pass for Bob Lenarduzzi to run on to and drive underneath the diving Mausser.

Even then the American agony was not over. With 10 seconds remaining, the referee detected Smith tugging at a Canadian shirt. A yellow card for Smith, and a free kick for Canada. Bob Bolitho hooked the ball over the wall of U.S. players and into the top corner of the goal, just out of Mausser's reach. A perfect free kick, executed with almost insulting ease, demonstrating that this was unarguably Canada's night. Canada wins. America zero.

For the Canadians, one big obstacle on the road to Argentina '78 had been overcome. An even bigger one awaits. In the next qualifying round they will meet the five best teams from North and Central America and the Caribbean: Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador and Surinam, plus the winner of a playoff game between Cuba and Haiti. Only one of these teams will make it to the finals.

In the American locker room the players slouched on their benches, some staring at the floor, some at the bare walls, some gazing ahead with unfocused eyes. Bobby Smith broke a bottle, and the noise was magnified a thousand times by the overpowering silence. The dreams of World Cup glory, of getting to the finals—even of getting into the next qualifying round—had been snatched away.

After 15 minutes, still in uniform, they filed out into the parking lot, past all the smiling friendly boys and the hundred little hands reaching out to touch them. And again the funny little bus, the seats with no leg room, the kids running alongside.

But on this night there was no singing, no talking, barely a human sound. Just the harsh mechanical noises of the bus, the gear changes, the revs, the creaks and the rattles—noises that no one had noticed before. And in the streets of Port-au-Prince nobody turned to watch as the bus went by.

END

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The Soviets won their *Izvestia* Cup again, but the Czechs, Swedes, Finns and Canadians were hardly psyched up

Izvestia, shmizvestia

Lars-Erik Eriksson put down his glass of vodka and orange juice and paused to survey the crowded, labyrinth-like bar of Moscow's Intourist Hotel, the only tavern in town open past midnight. "If we cared about this tournament," said Eriksson, "do you think we would be here?" And with a slow sweep of his glass, he indicated the entire Swedish national hockey team and the WHA's Winnipeg Jets gulping postgame screwdrivers and Russian champagne. It was the only comfort they found last week during the hard-ship assignment of the European hockey circuit—the Soviet Union's annual *Izvestia* Cup tournament.

Inducing the participants to come to Moscow in return for lucrative Soviet tours through their own countries, the Soviet Hockey Federation for 10 years now has dragged Sweden, Finland and Czechoslovakia to the *Izvestia* event, where the only prize is a snowman statue. This year the Winnipeg Jets, the WHA champions, also made the trip to slushy Moscow as the price for an eight-city Soviet tour of the U.S. and Canada that began this week. Although there were 10 European-born professionals on their roster, the Jets purported to rep-

resent Canada and thus helped the tournament sell out for the first time since 1969, when the Soviet team's rivalry with Czechoslovakia was at its hostile peak.

Debilitated by their own busy schedules, the players' distaste for Moscow and their hankering to be home for Christmas, visiting teams usually fall easily to the host Soviet squad during the week-long tournament sponsored by the government newspaper *Izvestia*. The Soviets, sparked by the return of superstar Valery Kharlamov, who broke both his ankles in a car crash last May, hardly worked up a sweat while slicing through their first three opponents. In the championship game, though, they ran into the bulldozing Czechoslovaks, and only some friendly refereeing by a Finnish official allowed the Soviets to prevail 3-2 and win the snowman for the eighth time in 10 years.

Winnipeg finished fourth in the invitation round robin, managing only a 4-4 tie with Sweden and a 2-1 defeat of Finland. Canada's original representatives, the WHA Quebec Nordiques, underwent a recent ownership change and could not go, so after playing seven WHA games in 10 nights, the Jets hopped a plane,

turned their watches ahead eight hours and skated into the 14,000-seat Palace of Sport to play Czechoslovakia. The tough opening game against the world champions was Soviet retribution for the order of matches in the Canada Cup last September, when the Soviet Union faced the Czechs in the opening round.

The Soviet coaching staff, which usually seems reluctant to deploy the national team's full strength unless the World or Olympic championships are at stake, this time fielded a team for the *Izvestia* Cup that was a close gauge of the true Soviet muscle. "This team is just as strong or stronger than the team they sent to the Canada Cup," said Winnipeg's Bobby Hull, who played on the victorious Team Canada in that tournament. "Anyone you have the line with Kharlamov going for them, they're stronger." Still, while Kharlamov and linemates Boris Mikhailov and Vladimir Petrov were back on ice after missing the Canada Cup, the Soviet hierarchy managed to camouflage its hand by sitting out the line of Alexander Yakushev, Vladimir Shadrin and Victor Shalimov. The explanation was that all three had minor injuries and that their recent performances had not been up to par.

So the three reserves and their wives watched the tournament from seats in center ice. Yakushev wore in a lawn-colored suede sports jacket and his wife



Off the ice Bobby Hull was the scaf of Moscow but on it he beat Vladimir Tretyak only once

there is only one tournament now, the Canada Cup. This is just another tournament." So why does Finland participate? "We have to come," said Heikkila, "or else the Soviets will not come to Finland. In Finland and Canada and all other countries there is politics and there is hockey, but here everything is politics."

The politics are working well for the WHA, according to Larry Gordon, the league's executive vice-president. "There is money in the tournament as a tradeoff for the games we will have in North America," he said. "We pay our own way here, and they pay their own way to North America. It's very good because the tour produces great interest in all our cities. And it's an excellent opportunity for the WHA to go to the fore in international competition."

For their services, the Winnipeg players each got \$2,000 and expenses. The Canadian members of the team who had never been abroad seemed intrigued by the suspended, other-world quality of Moscow and the challenge of the tournament. "That ice," said defenseman Dave Dunn, talking about the huge surface in the Palace of Sport, "it seems you could fit all of New York City on it."

The Swedes brought their own drinking water and stomach pills for the week-long stay. Winnipeg Coach Bobby Kromm tried to keep his troupe as happy and healthy as possible by bringing Canadian beer and steaks. The Jets were slow to get their legs but gave the Soviet team strong opposition in a 6-4 loss. Hull, who was recovering from a wrist injury that kept him out of 23 WHA games, was a favorite of the Moscow fans and they roared "Boob-by, Boob-by, a goal, a goal" every time he touched the puck. Hull gave them two scores, including one against famed Soviet Goalender Vladimir Tretyak.

The Soviet fans, who regard Hull as a gentleman and diplomat and hold him in the highest esteem, piled his dinner table with armloads of champagne. "I think it's because of my attitude toward them and toward their game," said Hull. "I don't go around napping them and I don't go ramming everybody on the ice."

Hull is an advocate of transatlantic hockey competition. "The integration of Canadian and European hockey makes for a heck of a game," he says. "We both skate, shoot and pass well, and then we add the little bit of puzzle with the hitting, so we have everything." One of the Jets adding puzzle last week was Barry Long, who drew Soviet boys as he growled and swiped at opponents in the slot. After hacking at Mikhailov's ankles and shaking his stick in Petrov's face, Long tried to act penitent. "Sometimes I get carried away," he said. "I'm sorry, but I get so heated up when I play these guys that I see how bad I am." Long grinned. "That Number 26," he said. "Did you see him get around me? Can he motor?"

Long was speaking of Helmut Balders, the latest idol of the Soviet crowd. Balders is a 24-year-old right wing from Latvia who has cracked the predominantly Russian lineup with his tremendous speed. "You know how you call Bobby Hull the 'Jet'?" said a Soviet fan. "Well, we call Balders 'Elektrichka,' the Electric Train."

But Elektrichka could not steal the crowd's longtime affection for Kharlamov, who in his first game since his accident scored three goals against Sweden and assisted on another by linemate Mikhailov. In the tournament Kharlamov was a mile slower than the Kharlamov of old but seemed to turn well in both sides and did not shy away from contact against the boards.

"Kharlamov should get the Order of Lenin for what he went through with that accident," says Soviet Forward Alexander Malisev. Kharlamov's best friend. "Even after the games now he has to take two tranquilizer shots, the pain is so bad." For Kharlamov's part, he just shrugs when he is asked about his health. "I'm OK," he says. "I'm still out of shape, though."

However, despite the integration into the Soviet team of such youngsters as Balders and linemates Sergei Kapustin and Vladimir Repnev, team observers predict that unless the Kharlamov and Yakushev lines are in top form this spring the Soviet Union will lose to the Czechoslovaks again in the world championships. One reason they will be held in Vienna, and everyone will want to go to Vienna. Even Jiri Holik.

END

Tanya swathed in glistering black fur and suede. "Boring, isn't it?" said Yakushev as he walked away from a game between the Soviet Union and Sweden.

The WHA had innocently undermined the strength of the Czechoslovak team by arranging a tour through North America against WHA clubs concurrent with the Ivestia Cup and awarding the Czechoslovak Federation a financial premium for any "name" players it sent. Thus, seven national team members were missing from the Czech team in Moscow, including Frantisek Pospisil, the defenseman and team captain, Milan Novy, the top scorer and most valuable player in the Canada Cup, and Goalender Vladimir Dzurilla.

Also Jan Holik, a 32-year-old Czechoslovak forward, had enough seniority to beg off the Ivestia assignment. Josef Augusta, a 30-year-old forward, and his close buddy, Forward Ivan Hlinka, were so miffed at their friend Holik that they sent him a telegram one morning at one o'clock summoning him to the tournament. Holik, too wise for such trickery, telephoned the jokers in Moscow and laughed at them.

The Swedish and Finnish squads were also missing a number of national team regulars who simply refused to come to the tournament. "I can't tell them to come," said Coach Lasse Heikkila of Finland. "I'm only the coach. In all the world

Placid is not peaceful

The battle of the 1980 Winter Olympics vs. the environment has been joined, and not a moment too soon. Before anybody runs up the flags in Lake Placid, N.Y., someone must settle the issue of what impact the Games will have on the wilderness surrounding that Adirondack hamlet, and right now the best one can expect is a draw.

The area involved is particularly sensitive: all of the proposed Olympic sites lie inside New York's Adirondack State Park, six million acres with huge sections locked off as "forever wild." This means exactly what the law says—no tree can be cut or rock moved, and only emergency vehicles are allowed to enter. It is not surprising that environmentalists have turned out in force to challenge plans proposed by the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee, that doleful group of merchants, tradesmen and general all-round civic boosters who have been dreaming since 1932 of a Winter Olympics revisited in their tiny (population 3,000) mountain village.

The first forum for the confrontation was a series of hearings held by the U.S. Department of Commerce to get comments on the draft of the environmental impact statement. These sessions are required before anyone can cash in any of the \$49 million in federal funds already authorized to pay for Olympic construction. Because the Lake Placid area is one of the most miserably depressed in the country—unemployment is close to 17½—the Olympic program is being handled through the department's Economic Development Administration, the idea being that jobs will be created both before and after the Games. The impact statement, a huge document almost six inches thick, was compiled for Lake Placid by the consulting firm of Sasaki Associates of Watertown, Mass. It deals with everything from the impact of the Olympic Village on rare ferns and mosses to sewage flow caused by throngs of spectators, to the "esthetic pollution" that might result from the proposed 260-

foot-high ski jump that could mar the view of hikers on nearby peaks.

Several environmentalists praised the thoroughness of the draft, among them Peter A. A. Berle, commissioner of the New York Department of Environmental Conservation, who said it was "very well done, not just a pile of paper like a lot of them." Still, the so-called "environmental community" was not about to accept it on faith. A statement endorsed by 37 New York state organizations and 10 national groups declared at least a modified form of war, saying, "We seriously question the adequacy of the Draft Environmental Impact Statement in addressing the issues, and its completeness in considering the alternatives."

This instantly drew blood, for many of the Lake Placid organizers view almost any criticism as a profound personal insult. Some of them even speak of being under attack by the "nut fringe" of conservationists. Committee members were particularly angered by a young member of the Sierra Club, James Dumont, who declared, "The beauty and isolated atmosphere of the high-peak area of the Adirondack Park may be lost forever if present Olympic plans go unchecked." He went on to say that the new ski jump would be the "visual quarry of putting an illuminated 26-story apartment building in the wilderness."

The executive director of the Lake Placid committee is the Rev. J. Bernard Fell, a Methodist minister who is something of a spellbinder when he gets wound up. Fell said, "Anyone who endeavors to portray Lake Placid's Olympic planners as a cadre of unenlightened, unconcerned enthusiasts, with visions that defy good order and common sense, is either an uninformed zealot who prefers rhetoric to research, or a devotee to a cause considered so high that no price is too much to pay, even if that price includes distortion and deceit." A victory in their empty campaign is a victory that could literally wipe out the Olympics, Winter Games and the viability

Environmentalists have a wary eye on Lake Placid's Olympic plans for 1980, nevertheless the Games should go on

ity of the United States as an Olympic host for a generation to come."

There is bound to be a certain amount of hyperbole and emotion in such proceedings. Nevertheless, the memory of Denver's humiliating non-Olympics of 1976 is still fresh, and the Lake Placid committee members are worried that their Games could also be aborted by litigation or other delaying tactics brought by environmentalists. One target for legal action could be the impact statement itself, unless it satisfies the requirements of an assessment of federal and state laws, it is an easy ground on which to bring suit. Says Marilyn DuBos of the Environmental Planning Lobby, "One thing that we are most interested in is the contractors' responsibility to the environment—they will be required to post a bond to be certain they do the job with minimum damage and clean up the flotsam afterward." There are dozens of other questions and one of the problems is that we don't know what the impact of the Olympics will be because they don't have final designs or plans for a lot of their projects. They're asking us to approve things when we really don't know what is actually going to happen."

It is true that many specific details are vague or nonexistent: there is no design yet for the 90-meter ski jump, no detailed plan for transportation and road construction and no definite plan for the Olympic Village. It now seems likely that a former tuberculosis sanatorium outside Lake Placid will be purchased by the government and redesigned as a minimum-security federal prison. In the interim it could serve as an Olympic Village in this age of terrorism. Some critics claim that desirable economic gains in the area will be negligible, that taxes and prices may go up because of the Olympics. Others say that the Games will cause such an influx of visitors for years after they are held that the wilderness character of the area will be ruined.

Richard Persico, executive director of the Adirondack Park Agency, says, "This is not your classic environmental situation in which erosion or water quality

or air pollution is the issue. There is some of that, sure, but mostly the environmentalists here are worried about esthetics and about preserving the character of the region against any violent change brought in by the Olympics."

Persico's agency is also holding hearings because it must issue permits for Olympic facilities under the land-use plan of the park. The new ski jump is the subject of bitter discussion, and later this winter there will be sessions on construction of a new field house. The park agency's decisions could also be grounds for Olympic-killing litigation.

The big question is whether the Lake Placid Olympics will go the way of Denver. At this point, it seems unlikely that another American Olympics will abort. One reason is that both state and federal governments have promised money and moral support. Another is that Lake Placid's plans are infinitely better conceived and more clearly presented than the helter-skelter concoction Denver tried to pass off. Still another is that the environmentalists are not against the Olympics per se. As Courtney Jones, chairman of the Adirondack Council, says, "To oppose the Olympics for their own sake would be the height of irresponsibility. We simply want to be certain that all the questions are asked and all the issues tested."

Another reason why crippling litigation is less than likely is that the economic plight of the Lake Placid region is so bleak that any organization responsible for killing the Olympics would also be at least symbolically responsible for cutting off hundreds of jobs and \$70 million in state and federal funds from several thousand people who are now close to a bare-bones poverty level.

All these elements are working to clear the way for the 1980 Games at Lake Placid. Indeed, if the environmentalists continue to be tough, and the Lake Placid committee decides to take their criticisms as a potential force for good, instead of as an attack on something sacred, this might be a battle in which both sides win.

On the other hand, let it be known that when the International Olympic Committee met in Barcelona last fall, the word was passed—confidentially and with due subtlety—that all Innsbruck needs is 12 months' notice to be ready to step in for Lake Placid, just as it did so beautifully for Denver.

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Gallantly Screaming





(Continued)

On a muggy Bicentennial July afternoon, high on the third-base side of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, electrician Al Scrimger Jr. fumbled through a drawer of tape cartridges, searching for one labeled "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, ROBERT MERRILL." He found it and plugged it into the sound system just as the public address announcer made the request that tells us for certain we are at a sports event: "Will you please rise now and join in singing our national anthem?"

As Merrill's rich baritone washed through the stands, the 13,000 spectators stood up, popcorn boxes and beer cups between their feet, to face the 15-starred flag in center field, a replica of the one that flew over nearby Fort McHenry in 1814 when *The Banner* was written by Francis Scott Key.

As the fans stood, some of them adopted the solemn expression usually considered proper to patriotism—the same one used during court appearances and funerals. Some of them tried to sing along—out of tune, off-key, mumbling the lines that had slipped from memory in the years since grade school. Some stood at attention; some placed hands over their hearts. Some pored over programs; some studied girls in the crowd. Some moved furtively toward the refreshment stands; those still in the aisles edged toward their seats. But few of them, whether stirred by a renewed sense of patriotism or bored by a ritual they have endured hundreds of times, were untouched by Merrill's 104-second rendition of the anthem.

And as they stood, there was time to reflect on the long and equanoval relationship between *The Star-Spangled Banner* and sports in America. From rural Minnesota, where tiny speakers waffle the song over frozen ponds at Pee Wee hockey games to Southern California, where maddened high school hands risk terminal sinusitis blowing it, from Kate Smith belting her alternative, *God Bless America*, to the hundreds of TV celebs, movie stars, nightclub singers, plumbers, housewives and children who perform it each day, the amount of time, emotion and money devoted to presenting *The Banner* at sports events is enormous.

Old joke: Dad to 10-year-old son,

"If you're so smart, what's the last words of *The Star-Spangled Banner*?"

Kid: "That's easy. 'Play ball!'"

Perhaps in no other country is an anthem played at so many sports events as in America. In England, for instance, *God Save the Queen* is performed before international soccer and rugby matches, and fans enjoy changing the line "God save our gracious Queen" to "God save our gracious team." But in Great Britain, the anthem is not heard before every intercity rugby scrum or college cricket match. In contrast, Americans croon their song, which celebrates an old defeat of the British, at every occasion from dirt-track stock-car races to the Super Bowl. Critics of this practice claim that, because we hear the song so often, it has little patriotic impact. In just one baseball season, it will be played 2,000 times. On the other side, many feel that the daily airing of the anthem is the greatest thing since the victory at Yorktown.

The anthem has been used as a vehicle of protest as well as a glorious affirmation of national unity. In 1968, a year torn by demonstrations and riots for racial equality and peace in Vietnam, Tommy Smith and John Carlos, two black American trackmen who had finished first and third in the 200-meter run, stood on the victory stand at the Mexico City Olympics and, as *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played, bowed their medal-draped necks and raised their black-gloved fists in an anti-Establishment salute that shocked the world.

A few days earlier, a blind Puerto Rican singer had stunned the viewers of a tradition-bound event closer to home—the World Series—with his rendition of *The Banner*. From center field, before the start of the fifth game in Detroit, Jose Feliciano delivered an Afro-Cuban wail, turning the anthem at once into a cry for help and a joyful shout for the minorities emerging at the time. His volatile performance appealed to a new generation of black and Spanish-speaking Americans, as surely as did Jackie Robinson's performance on the field in a previous era, but the soulful version of *The Banner* sent traditionalists flying to their telephones. NBC received so many outraged calls that the network

switchboard supposedly short-circuited.

Since Feliciano's unorthodox treatment of *The Banner*, Aretha Franklin, Lou Rawls and many others have done soul versions of the song with little or no adverse reaction from fans, the American Legion or anthem cultists.

In years past *The Banner* had almost a religious aura. There even was a time when the song restored order, instead of provoking furor. After an unpopular decision at a boxing match in the Chicago Stadium back around 1930 fans threw chairs and fought in the aisles. Alert organist Al Meigard struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and the patriotic crowd snapped to attention. End of riot.

In an age when so much is said about the decline of patriotism and national

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pride, it is reassuring to find at least one recent occasion when the song evoked memories of that Chicago Stadium performance. A few years back, at the end of a Falcons football game, the message board in Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium was supposed to print out **THANK YOU FOR ATTENDING THE GAME**. But in a fit of electronic crankiness, it ordered: **PLEASE RISE AND JOIN IN SINGING OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM**. Although the players were already in the dressing rooms, the crowd stood at attention for several minutes, waiting for the end-of-the-game *Banner*. Finally, the P.A. announcer saw the board and told the spectators to go home.

According to University of Idaho Professors Clifford Bryan and Robert Horton, the Falcons may have missed an op-

portunity to establish an important new tradition when they sent the spectators home. In a report issued six months ago on the relationship between athletics and fan violence, Bryan and Horton suggested the end-of-the-game anthem is a good way to cut down postgame violence, which is a growing problem in many arenas around the country.

But while it might curtail unruliness, the extra performance of *The Banner* also could present stadium managers with another, more difficult problem: finding enough vocalists who can remember the words of the anthem to fill the added singing assignments. Among the thousands who have warbled *The Banner*—from professional stars to locals performing to earn a couple of tickets—an inordinate number have forgotten the lyrics.

The most publicized blank-out was Robert Goulet's at the 1965 Muhammad Ali-Sonny Liston fight in Lewiston, Maine. Before he stepped into the ring, Goulet had palmed a card on which he had scribbled the lyrics. Only a few bars into the song, he began humming and smirking, having totally forgotten his crib sheet. Later he lamely explained that, because he had lived in Canada for many years, he could not be held responsible for foreign songs.

Last August, Miss Bloomington, Minn., 19-year-old Stephanie Nilson, blew the lyrics at a Twins-Orioles game. She experienced the usual ball-park annoyance of a delay between what she was singing and the feedback of her voice from the public address system, which throws many singers off. Nilson became confused after "O say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave?" and blanked out. "Aw, nuts!" she said into the microphone.

"Everyone in the crowd was laughing," she says, "but I think they were laughing with me, not at me."

One ploy used by singers who forget the song is substituting any words that happen to pop into their heads. Country-and-Western star Johnny Paycheck sang the following lines when he drew a blank at a Falcons game a couple of years ago.

*O say can you see, it's cloudy at night,
What so loudly we sing as the*

*daylight's last gleaming.
Those broad stripes and red bars,
through the perdition night*

Probably, few fans noticed. A recent New York Times survey taken at baseball games revealed that only one in five spectators knows the words to the first stanza of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. In spite of the familiar tune, which is an 18th century English drinking song, many fans are lost by the time they get to "the twilight's last gleaming." They move their lips as though singing for the rest of the anthem, taking heart from those around them, who are not singing either.

Perhaps they forgot the words because the language of Francis Scott Key's poem is so antique and formal, something that might be recited by a Crimean War veteran in a London gentleman's club. Or perhaps the music is to blame. The melody is a very difficult one. Says Ethel Emms, who has sung at events ranging from the 1972 Republican Convention to an Opening Day at Shea Stadium, "Most people find the range of the song ridiculous. It goes from a very low note right to a high—1½ octaves."

Al G. Wright, head of the department of bands at Purdue University, says, "It's an old tune for taverns, and the problem is that it makes the anthem sound like it's being sung by a bunch of drunks. It's almost impossible for anyone who's not a professional singer to do it."

But if one considers the oceans of beer consumed before, during and after *The Banner* at most sports events, the song may be in exactly the right spirit, so to speak.

The tune to which the anthem is sung was taken from a ditty called *To Anacreon in Heaven*, and the lyrics are unusual as the melody. The words concern the ancient Greek poet Anacreon, who considered wine, women and loutish song the three best things since the Pythagorean theorem, and they are perfect words to sing the next time the Cleveland Indians have dime beer night:

*To Anacreon in Heaven, where he
sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a
petition*

continued



*That he their inspirer and patron
would be,
When this answer arrived from the
jolly old Grecian:
"Voice, fiddle, and flute no longer
be mute,
I'll lend you my name and inspire
you to boot,
And besides, I'll instruct you like
me to entwine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus'
vine."*

The Star-Spangled Banner has been the official national anthem only since 1931, but the military adopted it as far back as 1898. In 1916, after President Woodrow Wilson announced it was his favorite patriotic song, *The Banner* began to be heard at sports events.

It made its major league debut in Chicago during the opening game of the 1918 World Series. When the fans stood for the seventh-inning stretch, the band suddenly and for no apparent reason—except perhaps that there was a war on—struck up *The Banner*. The crowd stood at attention, afterward applauding heartily. The players, including Babe Ruth,

stood at attention, too; one, a serviceman on leave, saluted the flag in center field. The anthem was repeated during the next two games. When the Series shifted to Boston, Red Sox Owner Harry Frazee was to be outdone: he had his band play the song before each game. From then on *The Banner* was a regular feature on Opening Day, on holidays and at World Series games.

It was not until the next world war that the playing of the anthem became a daily ritual. Says Jack Whitaker, the CBS broadcaster and a longtime sports journalist, "During World War II we began to hear *The Banner* played at every baseball game. When there's a war on, you take every opportunity to express your patriotism."

Improvements in electronics and public address systems made the use of recordings more feasible during the war years. No longer was it necessary to have a singer or a band on hand, with the attendant problems of wrong keys and blown lyrics. Today *The Banner* heard at most events is recorded. The most popular renditions are by Merrill. The Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The

Johnny Mann Singers and Jerry Vale.

But just as it is more fun to watch a live football game than a delayed TV replay, the anthem is best performed live. Then there are the same possibilities for tragedy and defeat and glorious triumph in the playing of the song as there are in the playing of the game that follows it.

In an age when most television singers are safely taped before the show goes on the air, the experience of standing alone in a vast arena before 60,000 people and belting out a difficult song is exhilarating. What are the odds on Frank Sinatra getting through *The Banner* with no fluffs he's done it several times without error? Perhaps somewhere there's a star-spangled bookie to tell us.

Says Tom Sullivan, the blind, 29-year-old pop singer who performed the anthem at last January's Super Bowl, "It was the most amazing experience of my life, next to the birth of my children." Sullivan remembers the incredible pressure. "Since I'm blind, I couldn't visualize the Super Bowl scene," he says. "I mentioned something about it to Pete Rozelle, who was standing next to me, and just before I went out to sing, he leaned over and said, 'Kid, just remember that 90 million people are watching this.'" Sullivan remembered. In the succeeding month he received 10,000 calls, wires and letters praising his performance.

Live anthems are rendered by three groups—professional singers, amateurs of varying competence and bands—and each has its special requirements and problems. Predictably, team owners and public relations men spend the most time, money and anguish on the stars. No owner has gone in for big names more heavily than Jack Kent Cooke, president of the Los Angeles Lakers and Kings. Cooke used to have the performer stand on a balcony high up in the Forum, and while the singer wound up for the high notes, an electric fan was used to put a patriotic wave into the flag.

Because they are in the home of the stars, the Lakers and Kings have had a succession of luminaries—James Darren, Dore Day, Pat Boone and Lorne Greene among them—sing the anthem at their games. But lately things have changed. "We still use a color guard with a recording to give *The Banner* some clavi-

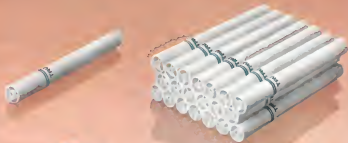
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says Eddie Parr, Cooke's man in charge of arrangements. "The stars mostly work on location now, because TV is done that way. They can't guarantee that they'll be here on the specified date. So the star system is almost over."

Team officials do not lament the passing of the star era as much as might be expected, because many big-name performers worry excessively about live appearances. A few years ago, when Liza Minnelli was still being billed as Judy Garland's daughter, she was booked to sing the anthem at a Lakers game. Anxious about the acoustics, Minnelli arrived early to rehearse, with a loyal retainer in the lead. After trying out the two microphones the arena had available, she demanded a different model, the only one she felt was right. "She always works a big room with that kind of mike," said the retainer. The Lakers did not have one. It was Sunday, and the specified microphone could not be rented. An electrician was dispatched to another auditorium, but he had no luck.

"We're leaving!" announced Minnelli's man. But she returned in a few minutes without him, rehearsed and performed the anthem brilliantly that evening using the house mike. A real trouper.

In Seattle, SuperSonics Executive Vice-President Zolne Volchok, who formerly headed a booking agency, does not find big-name talent a problem. Dionne Warwick, Johnny Mathis, Stan Getz and the Platters have all performed the anthem before NBA games there. But like most arenas and ball parks around the country, the Seattle Center Coliseum has a house man (or woman), a local singer who does most anthem chores.

Local professionals do not throw tantrums over equipment or musical arrangements; they do not go jetting off on location and they do not demand the high fees of the big names. Fees for local singers are generally in the range described by Pat Williams, general manager of the Philadelphia 76ers. "The going rate is two tickets to the game," he says. The biggies among house singers also get free parking, but that is definitely not a trend.

Of course, professional singers do not work for a pair of seats in the balcony. Kate Smith, who blasts *God Bless America* for the Philadelphia Flyers as if it

were *Holy Writ* instead of an Irving Berlin tune, receives \$5,000 or more to go onto the ice at the Spectrum. Management gladly throws in free parking.

House singers range from Lindsay Henes, 22, a recent Boston College graduate who did the anthem at Bruins games last season while trying to make it on the cocktail-lounge circuit, to 6' 8" Richard Otto, a can-factory employee who is the Baltimore Colts' drum major and anthem singer on Sundays. In Detroit, Fat Bob the Plumber (Bob Taylor) does the song for the Tigers, and Lawrence Lane, an English professor at Chicago's Kennedy-King College, receives \$40 a pop from the Black Hawks.

Local singers are chosen by audition, and they are usually picked because the players or the owner or the general manager finds their version satisfying. Hal Hayes, a P.R. man for the Falcons, has had his share of weirdos applying for the job. "A guy called up one day and said he wanted to do the anthem at a game on his own special instrument—the top of a trash can and a broom," Hayes says. "He did it over the phone, and I couldn't tell if it was *The Banner* or not. Then there was another guy auditioned over the phone on a kazoo."

Hayes was once cornered by a Falcon player, a little under the weather from an excess of martinis, who insisted that he play the anthem at the next game on his special instrument—the spoons. Show business just gets in your blood.

In Seattle the house man at Sonic games is schoolteacher Bob McGrath, 55, a gifted tenor who has performed with the local opera and symphony. Like many house singers, McGrath has begun to vary the melodic menu. "It's a 41-game season," he says. "I get tired of singing 'Oh, say can you see' each game. I think the fans get tired of hearing it, too. I mix it up by using *America the Beautiful*, *God Bless America* and even the third verse of *The Banner*."

The third verse of the anthem is hardly good diplomacy. Composed by Key to rub a little salt into the wounds of the British after they had lost the Battle of Baltimore, it offers the following insults to one of our most trusted allies:

*And where is that band who so
vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the*

battle's confusion

*A home and a country should leave
us no more?*

*Their blood has washed out their
foal footstep's pollution*

*No refuge could save the hireling
and slave*

*From the terror of flight or the
gloom of the grave,*

*And the star-spangled banner in
triumph doth wave*

*O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave.*

There are those who feel that *The Banner* should be played rarely, if at all. Alfred Stevens, a retired Yale University Press copy editor, is the founder—and one of four members—of a group called Committee for *America the Beautiful*, which operates from his home in Old Lyme, Conn. Stevens' brief that *America the Beautiful* should be our national anthem instead of *The Banner* is as crisp as Benjamin Franklin's argument 200 years ago that the wild turkey should be our national bird instead of the predatory bald eagle.

"*The Star-Spangled Banner* is blatantly militaristic and says things about the country we no longer believe," says Stevens. "It's about one old bottle. It's an English drinking tune that says reprehensible things about the British."

"*America the Beautiful*, on the other hand, speaks of peace and brotherhood. It describes the breadth of the country in terms that we can understand, and almost everyone knows the words and can sing the melody. It should definitely replace *The Banner* as our anthem."

Stevens has proposed the change to Congress, but his idea has met with about the same success as his last great notion—that each player on a baseball team be required to pitch one inning of the game to make it more interesting.

In the great Southwest, there are no aging radicals fomenting change. At the Meyer Speedway in Houston the anthem is played before the stock Dodges and Chevys roar around the oval. One driver always used to leave his crash helmet on during the playing of *The Banner*. A patriotic track employee could not stand it and finally asked the offending driver why he refused to remove his hat. The man explained that he wore a harp, and since the rug did not fit under the

tight helmet, he did not want to expose his shining pate.

Athletes getting ready to perform are often less than respectful during the anthem. Basketball players slouch, spring up on their toes, shake their arms and roll their necks as if *The Banner* were part of a precisely choreographed Chinese warmup ritual.

NFL players are more decorous, but they still use anthem time as an occasion to psych up for the game. Rozelle has issued orders against talking, nervous footwork, gum chewing and shoulder-pud slamming during *The Banner*, and former Oiler Coach Bill Peterson added his own star-spangled malapropism a few years back when lecturing his players on how to behave during the anthem. Roared Peterson, "I want you out there at attention, standing on your helmets with the sideline under your arms!"

Once, in Atlanta, a huge bird landed in front of the Falcons' bench. One of the reserve players, who made some comment about this occurrence during the playing of *The Banner*, was later berated by superpatriot Head Coach Norm Van Brocklin, who screamed, "If you were as interested in your country as you were in that bird, we'd have a better country!"

Head Coach Slick Leonard of the NBA Indiana Pacers has his own patriotic pace—*mofo allegro*. Says Pacer Public Relations Director Sandy Knapp, "Slick is very patriotic, but he goes into a rage if *The Banner* version is too long. We have to keep it short, or he blows his cork." That is not too difficult, because, although it sometimes seems interminable, the average version of the anthem played at sports events lives only about a minute and a half.

A lot of those 90-second *Star-Spangled Banners* are played in Indiana, which is college-band country. Purdue has a department devoted exclusively to bands, and Wright, its head, is an expert on the anthem. "There are two keys for *The Banner*—B flat for bands, because it's brilliant, and A flat for vocalists," he says. "The trouble is that when you have two or more bands at a football game, you're not sure they have the same arrangement. There is documented proof of two bands playing in different keys. It sounds like a beginner on the piano."

"In the Big Ten we have stopped hav-

ing two bands play *The Star-Spangled Banner* together. We couldn't always get the same arrangements. Now we just have the visiting conductor lead the home band.

"There also are more than 30 different versions of *The Banner*. The Department of Defense publishes a standard one for the armed services, but all you have to do to get a copyright on a new arrangement is change a couple of notes. If you get a few bands playing different arrangements, it's chaos."

At Butler University in Indianapolis, Band Director Bob Grechesky has a special version of *The Banner*. "As a gesture of thanks for taking him in as a citizen, Igor Stravinsky wrote an arrangement of *The Banner*," Grechesky says. "It's very elaborate, with parts for orchestra and chorus and lots of unusual harmonies. I set it for a marching band. It's kind of nice to have your own version of the anthem."

If any place has more enthusiasm for *The Banner* than Indiana, it is the home of the song, Baltimore. Surprisingly, the Orioles once stopped playing the anthem for a week in 1954. General Manager Arthur Ehlert, a former American Legion post commander and a World War I veteran who was responsible for the new policy, said, "The frequent repetition of the anthem at sports events tends to cheapen the song and lessen the thrill of response. I remember the old days of vaudeville, when the management would bring out the flag to strengthen a weak act. I want *The Banner* played only on holidays and special occasions such as Memorial Day."

Baltimoreans were outraged. Over Ehlert's objections and to the fans' delight, the city council passed a resolution suggesting that the song be played before every Baltimore baseball game.

Chic Lang, general manager of Maryland's Pimlico racetrack, could not be happier about the resolution. "You should play the song anywhere, anytime," he says. "I'd even listen to it in the shower, if I could."

A number of athletes disagree with Lang. Counting exhibition games and special events, a baseball player, for example, hears the song about 200 times a season; at that rate, the anthem must be permanently implanted in Henry Aaron's brain by now.

Says Oriole Pitcher Jim Palmer, "If I'm pitching that day, I'm usually warmed up by the time it's played. I stand there on the mound, sweating, and try to concentrate on the batters I'll face in the first inning. It calms me down."

The Banner has a different effect on former Baltimore Catcher Elrod Hendricks. "You get tired of standing there every day listening to it," he says. "It gets to be a drag. Near the end of the season, you're tired, and you ask yourself what purpose does it serve anyway. Some organists don't even know what key to play it in."

When Baltimore had an entry in World Team Tennis (called the Banners, of course), the team's star, Jimmy Connors, had no idea of the significance of the name. "I thought it was named after some guy called Banner," he said.

Oriole Manager Earl Weaver, who is rarely at a loss for words, prefers not to say anything about the anthem. "Uh-uh, nope. No way. I won't say a word about it," he says. "I've got enough trouble with the summer squash in my garden. I don't need a lot of people calling up because I said the wrong thing about the national anthem. And whatever you say about it, it'll be wrong to somebody."

Reggie Jackson, who moved from Oakland to the Orioles for the 1976 season, uses the anthem as an accompaniment for prayer. "I pray during the playing of it," he says. "I pray for my family, for my relatives, for sick people, for world peace. I hear that thing so often that I can just about get all my praying for the year done during it."

He is hardly blasé when it comes to patriotic feeling. "When I'm in the outfield facing the flag, I see kids in the bleachers messing around—laughing and wrestling—when the song is being played," he says. "Afterward, I go over and tell them, 'Either you stand at attention for our national anthem, or you go over to China and see how you like it. You don't stand at attention over there, they shoot you.'"

Like many athletes who hear the anthem several hundred times a year, Jackson respects the occasion more than the song. "I hear that tune so often, I'm not exactly going to run out and buy the album," he says.

If you are running out to buy the album, there is good news. For *anthem*

buffs, the Bicentennial was a banner year. Following is a listing of the best recorded renditions of *The Banner* and other patriotic offerings frequently heard at sports events.

LOS RAWLS heads the list because he is easily the most pungent anthem singer in America. The blues man renders a jazzy, slow and low version. Coupled with the accompanying story, it puts him in *The Star-Spangled Banner* Hall of Fame, which is right down the corridor from Hillbilly Heaven.

In 1973 Rawls found himself booked to sing the anthem twice in one day. An avid San Francisco 49ers fan, Rawls was scheduled to sing at their game in Candlestick Park. Twenty-three minutes later he was on top for the Oakland A's World Series game across the Bay. Rather than give up either, Rawls sang before the kickoff at Candlestick, took a helicopter to the Oakland airport and drove madly to the A's game, trotting to the center-field microphone to deliver a breathy version. He then helicoptered back to Candlestick in time to ride an elephant in the halftime show.

Rawls' rendition of the anthem is available: *The Star-Spangled Banner* MGM Records (K 14527).

Silver-haired, diminutive ROGER DOUCET is known in Montreal as "Mon-sieur O Canada" for his frequent performances of the Canadian anthem. Seen by millions of American TV viewers when he sang at the 1976 NHL All-Star Game and the Canada Cup series last fall, the 5' 5½" Doucet, who wears rubbers so he will not slip on the ice, walks out on the red line at the Montreal Forum to deliver *O Canada* in stirring French and English versions that are applauded by separatists and federalists alike.

His version of *The Banner*—Doucet does both it and *O Canada* when a U.S. team plays at Montreal—is especially impressive because Doucet has given long thought to it. "It's a tougher song to sing than the Soviet anthem or the *Marsellaise*, but the best part of the song is the words," he says. "You see, all that active questioning—does the flag still wave? is it still free?—is a questioning of your beliefs. The answers are a way to reaffirm your patriotism. And the more often, the better."

Doucet waxes poetic when he de-

scribes his affair with *O Canada*. "Every time I sing it, I think 'This is a beautiful woman I'm talking to,' and I envision the country from Bonaville to Vancouver Island." Doucet's versions of *The Banner*, *O Canada* and 22 other patriotic songs from various countries are available on *Songs of Glory*, Aquarius Records (AQE 612).

Because of the success of the Flyers in games preceded by her version of *God Bless America*, KATE SMITH is responsible for the current rage of raring singers in terms of their won-lost records with certain teams. Last season the Bruins were 29-7-8 in games before which Lindsay Henes sang, but the NBA Portland Trail Blazers still lost more than they won after switching to *God Bless America*. At the beginning of this season Smith's record with the Flyers stood at 47-5-1 on recordings and 3-1 for live appearances.

Last May, with the Flyers down 3-0 in the finals of the Stanley Cup, Smith put on her best performance. A platform with organ and organist on it slid out onto the ice and a red carpet was rolled out for Smith. The sequins on her dress sparkling, she gave a magnificent version of *God Bless America*. Even though the Flyers went on to lose the series to Montreal, Smith is back again this year. Her *God Bless America* is available in *The Best of Kate Smith*, RCA Records (ANL 1-1135).

American League baseball players have their own favorite anthem singer. ROCCO SCOTTI of the Cleveland Indians, who received his first national exposure at the start of Game 4 of last fall's American League playoffs, Scotti delivers a full-bodied, intense version that tugs at the heartstrings of normally biased ballplayers. "They come running and screaming out of the dugout when I finish," says the amazed Scotti. "Mark Belanger jumped out and shook my hand once."

"I really study the anthem, and if guys like Robert Goulet and Jim Nabors would work at it, they wouldn't sound so blah," Scotti has made a 45-rpm record of *The Banner* that is available only in Cleveland, and you better believe it isn't blah.

TOM SULLIVAN, the vocalist whose rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner* attracted so much praise at the last Su-

per Bowl, has been blind since birth. That did not stop him from becoming an AAL wrestling champ and being invited to the 1968 Olympic Trials. Nor did it prevent him from becoming an oarsman at Harvard, where he earned a degree in clinical psychology.

A singer with a 4½-octave range, Sullivan's show-biz career has blossomed since the Super Bowl and a subsequent appearance at the Indianapolis 500. He is recording an album, which does not include *The Banner*, and has played a part in the disaster flick *Airport '77*.

Says Sullivan, "I've received hundreds of requests to sing the anthem since the Super Bowl thing, a lot of them from chambers of commerce and even one from the Pillsbury Bake-Off, but I won't do it again unless my conditions are met."

"I'd want to do my own arrangement, a cappella, with the 120-voice Up With People choir. But I'm not sure I'd want to do it anyway. I really went into training for the Super Bowl. I read the history of the anthem, listened endlessly to recordings, wrote my own arrangement and all. Most singers just figure it's a freebie on exposure and hack away at it. But it's our national song, and it deserves some respect."

The singing of *The Star-Spangled Banner* at sports events probably will always be with us. Attempts to do away with it have almost invariably met with resistance from fans, owners and players. The song has come to be equated with sports, as if the game could not proceed if the anthem were not played.

Although *God Bless America*, *America the Beautiful*, *Battle Hymn of the Republic* and Woody Guthrie's superb *This Land Is Your Land* have better lyrics and tunes than the anthem, tradition has stuck us with *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The 90 seconds or so that we spend standing at attention before ball games is now too much a part of sport and us to be easily abandoned.

Perhaps it does not matter that the song is difficult to sing, that it is often performed with too much show biz—or even that it is our national anthem. Before athletic contests its true function is to locate us in time and space. After the line "And the home of the brave?" one knows for sure that he will hear a whistle, a gun or the cry, "Play ball!" What could be more inspiring than that? **END**

HOW TO EARN YOUR STRIPES

by Fran Tarkenton

How to pass.

You've just thrown the ball. Is your thumb pointing at the sky? Wrong! You'll never throw a good pass that way. As you release the ball, your hand should rotate so your thumb ends up pointing at the ground.

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Flick your throwing hand out and back like you were cracking a whip. You'll get a crisp release that snaps the ball away at a good velocity.



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(Don't care if the defensive back falls down on the other side, and one of my guys is jumping up and down, waving for a touchdown pass, there's no way I'm going to see him. I've already wiped that half of the field out of my mind.)

Everybody's a primary receiver.

There is no such thing as a secondary receiver. Everybody starts out as a primary receiver. I might have five guys out there in the pattern. How can I be sure which of those five guys I'm going to throw to when the defense has maybe twelve different coverages it can run? The way the defense revolves is what dictates who my receiver is going to be.

It takes study—and good coaching—for a quarterback to learn who are the one or two people to read on each pass pattern. Read the right men, and they'll tell you who your primary receiver is.



Everybody's a primary receiver... until the defense shows the hand.

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I love to play football as much as anything in the world. Even after all these years, I could be making millions of dollars a year outside of football, and I'd still play.

The most meaningful thing for me isn't winning this game or that championship. It's the struggle, the hope of getting to someplace. Sometimes you succeed, sometimes you don't... just like life. But you're using all the resources within yourself—combined with the resources of 42 other guys—to try and reach a goal.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 20-26

PRO BASKETBALL—The Chicago Bulls had their best work of the season with three consecutive wins and began to look as if they had regained their playoff form after two seasons ago. The Bulls opened the week with a 103-101 double overtime victory over Seattle (then called the SuperSonics) and Kansas City 96-79. For their fourth win in 11 games, Chicago's turnaround came shortly after rookie Scott May returned to the lineup after a hiatus with mononucleosis, and as the Bulls, though he scored 12, and 18 points, Quinn Tjuri, another rookie and a former teammate of May's, at Indiana University, received his first game after being suspended for three straight. With the Bulls' defeat of Golden State (112-103), Milwaukee Coach Doc Rife was credited with his third superb game, particularly on defense in this one. Buckner held the Warriors' Phil Smith to 10 points, despite Smith's 21.3-point average this season. Denver maintained, mixed along with a 70-point edge in the Midwest Division, as the Nuggets beat Philadelphia 105-84, and Seattle 123-99. Philadelphia maintained a state lead in the Pacific Division by defeating the New York Knicks 105-104 before 19,000 spectators in Madison Square Garden. The Nets, who expect to slug it out with the Knicks for the Atlantic title next year, New York has Bob McAdoo won on George McGinnis' 15-foot basket with one second remaining. As the Knicks pulled to within three games of the leaders, they continued to display occasional changes in team usage as they experimented with different lineups. After a 113-103 win over Detroit, Kevin Conner Red Holzman said, "We want to be something quicker than we expected." Portland defeated Kansas City 99-94 and Seattle 103-95 and finished the week with the best win-loss record in the league and a 250 game lead over Los Angeles in the Pacific Division. Cleveland beat Boston 108-101 and lost to Washington 117-99. In the latter game the Bullets' Lew Richardson scored 14 of his 28 points in the third period and Elvin Hayes added 20 and had 11 rebounds and five blocked shots to give Washington its only win that day.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Alabama defeated UCLA 30-6 in the Liberty Bowl at Memphis. Oklahoma also defeated Wyoming 41-7 in the Fiesta Bowl in Tempe, Ariz., and the South beat the North 31-10 in the Blue-Gray all-star game in Montgomery, Ala.

PRO FOOTBALL—The Minnesota Vikings and the Oakland Raiders won their playoff games and thus will meet in Super Bowl XII at Pasadena (page 12). In the NFC championship game at Birmingham, Minn., the Vikings jumped out to a 17-0 lead, held on in the Rams scored all four of their points in the third quarter then

scored an insurance TD on a 10-yard punt by reserve back Sammy Johnson in the final period for a 24-12 win and their fourth trip to the Super Bowl. Oakland quarterback Ken Stabler threw two touchdown passes and the Raiders overcame the defending Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers by 157-7 yards to win the AFC title in Oakland 34-7.

HOCKEY—NHL. During a highly shortened week, Philadelphia fought and proved the New York Islanders in the Patrick Division. Atlanta remained in third, near points behind the Flyers, but as the Flames franchise slipped toward insolvency, Atlanta players agreed to buy up \$15,000 worth of tickets to home games to help keep the team afloat. Philadelphia ran an unblemished record to 11 games with a 5-2 win over Washington and a tie with the New York Rangers. The Rangers trailed Philadelphia by two goals before scrambling to a 3-1 final off. The new night the Rangers again lost two goals behind, then again behind, then pulled back to tie at 2-2, but in overtime they finally scored by 3-0. The Bruins' stalemate play a pair of 3 was by Buffalo over Toronto and Chicago gave the Sabres the Adams Division lead. Stumpy Giguere leading St. Louis knocked off Vancouver 4-1 as Bob Gassoff scored a goal with three seconds remaining in the second period to break a 1-0 deadlock. Vancouver dropped a pair of games, one of them 1-0 to Montreal, which had a 31-point edge over second-place Pittsburgh in the Norris Division.

NBA—V. What Birmingham was showing last week wasn't exactly muscle, at least it wasn't quite built, either. After spending most of the season in the basement of the Eastern Division, the Bulls defeated two of the league's best teams, Jean-Yves Laporte's point in the third period proved decisive in Birmingham's 3-2 victory over Quebec, and the next night the valiant 112-125-11, but improving Bulls, posted Coachman 4-3. San Diego, which has fought its way out of the West, then Detroit's second round in first place, opened an eight-point lead over Houston by beating Phoenix 5-4 in overtime on Norm Ferguson's 12-foot shot in the extra period. Houston stayed close by defeating New England 4-0 on No. 3 Louie Lee Galt's hammer second round of the season. Quarter leading Indianapolis in the Eastern Division race by three points, stopped a four-game losing streak with a 4-3 win over Minnesota.

SOCCER—The U.S. national team was defeated 3-0 by Canada in the first round of World Cup play in Port of Prince. Huns and was eliminated from the tournament (page 46).

MILEPOSTS—FOUR By the Chicago Black Hawks. BILL LYREY, 34, after 11½ years as head coach. Ryan who coached before he played in NHL, coached a 542-384-175 record. He was replaced by BILL WHITE, 37, a former Black Hawk defenseman who has been selected as a back injury.

FIRE By the New Orleans Jazz. BILL VAN BREDA KOLFF, the team's head coach for the past 2½ seasons. He was replaced by LARRY BAYLOR, who was assistant coach. The Jazz were 14-12 when Van Breda Kolff was released.

NAMED As head football coach. FRED ALBERS, 38, as the University of Texas. RALPH STAHL, 41, at the University of Cincinnati. CHUCK SHELTON, 41, at Duke. and PETER ARNDT, 31, at the U.S. Marine Corps. Marine Academy. Albers was head coach at Wyoming. Stahl was offensive coordinator at Ohio State. Shelton was an assistant at Duke and Campbell was a defensive coordinator at Columbia for three seasons.

PENALIZED The UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY, for basketball and football recruiting violations. The NCAA placed the school on probation for two years, reduced its football scholarships by five and basketball grants by two and prohibited the football team from appearing on network TV or playing in a bowl in 1977.

BESKINNED Effortless in the end of the current college basketball season. Al McGuire, 48, head coach at Marquette for 15 years. McGuire, who is leaving to pursue his own interests full time, has a 230-175 record with the 88 wins. He will also have a step in the school's athletic director.

DIED BLENDIA GAY, 26, a defender and for the Philadelphia Eagles of war wounds at Blackwood, N.J. He was killed by a 21-caliber bullet in the Vietnam War. He was charged with five degrees murder and aggravated assault and battery.

DIED GEORGE LASTMAN, 72, former high school coach at Manhattan College of a heart attack in Roseland, N.Y. Between 1950 and 1981 he stands with more Men's basketball Conference championships (15) than all other league schools combined. Lastman was coach of the U.S. team in the U.S.-S.S.R. meet in 1958 and the champion of the U.S. Olympic Track and Field Committee (1961-64).

CREDITS

By Tony Frantz, Michael J. Maloney, and David R. Roth. 10-11-86. Major story: 20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2

Edited by GAY FLOOD

CHRIS

Sir,

I applaud your selection of Chris Evert as Sportswoman of the Year (Dec. 20-27) and agree that in 1976 she truly dominated her sport in no other man or woman did in any sport. However, I find it amazing that there is not a male sports figure among your top seven athletes of 1976. This is not to downgrade your recognition of people like Evert, Nadia Comaneci, Dorothy Hamill or Sheila Young, who all truly deserve your accolades. But in my opinion, you did us a disservice by not giving equal notice to such greats in Tony Dorsett, Julius Erving, Joe Morgan, John Naber, Jack Nicklaus and Bruce Jenner.

DECK P. MURRAY
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Oh, Sir! How could you choose Chris Evert over Bruce Jenner, a man who has earned the title of the best all-around athlete in the world? To keep the Libben happy, Nadia Comaneci would have been a logical second choice, because she put on a fantastic display of athletic ability in Montreal. Evert? A distant third.

KEVIN MCCARTHY
Calumet City, Ill.

Sir:

You've named a Sportswoman of the Year Fine. Now let's get down to the nitty gritty and name your Sportsman of the Year.

PAUL STEVENS
Pompano Beach, Fla.

Sir:

I accuse you of reverse discrimination.

SAMUEL D. CATALINO
Zullinger, Pa.

Sir:

What next? A man on the cover of your bathing-suit issue?

DOUGLAS S. SIMON
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

You picked the wrong bird; it should have been Mark Fidrych.

JOHN SIANO
Detroit

Sir:

Naming Chris Evert Sportswoman of the Year is like naming Ralph Nader Consumer Advocate of the Year. He doesn't have any competition, either.

JOHN TUSE JR.
Stockton, Calif.

Sir:

How you could pick a professional athlete in the year of the XXI Olympics and our American Bicentennial is totally beyond me.

Without being critical of Chris Evert, I firmly believe that your award should have gone to Sheila Young, Peter Mueller, Leah Poulos, John Naber, Sugar Ray Leonard, Leon Spinks, Michael Spinks, Bruce Jenner, Edwin Moses, Mike Shane, Brian Goodell, Jenni Chandler or any of the other amateur competitors who represented our nation.

WILLIAM E. CARSLEY
Chicago

Sir:

Dorothy Hamill is the Sportswoman of the Year 1976.

MIKE LYNCH
Livonia, Mich.

Sir:

I was a parking lot attendant at Le Club International in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. in 1971. At that time I spent many a summer afternoon watching a relatively unknown but beautiful young lady practice for the first of her international competitions, the Wightman Cup matches. Little did I know that five years later she would be the toast of the tennis world and Sports Illustrated's Sportswoman of the Year. Congratulations on an excellent choice. Chris Evert has grown more lovely and skilled as the years have passed and is very deserving of the honor.

TERRY FLEMING
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Chris Evert? Is that any way to run a Sportswoman/Sportsman of the Year department? You bet it is!

CHRISTINA CILADA
Bethesda, Md.

OKLAHOMA VS. THE "PRESS"

Sir:

Frank Deford's piece about Oklahoma football (*Fury in Press*, *Dump Dead*, Dec. 13) was well done and, unfortunately, accurate. Before joining another university in another state, I was a faculty member at the University of Oklahoma. From that experience, I can confirm that the university administration plays "second fiddle to the football team." The athletic department's "win at any cost" philosophy is supported by the administration and a majority of the fans. As a former college athlete, I have never seen an atmosphere like it.

Events past and present prove that if Frank Boggs says it, it is true. Indeed, "something is grotesquely wrong."

JOSEPH HARRIS
Oklahoma City

Sir:

To my way of thinking, no sport, big-time college football included, is a religion. Al-

though sport provides a healthy and enjoyable outlet for participants and spectators alike, the whole idea is that it is not to be taken too seriously. This includes the people who write and announce sports activities. When the writers, the fans or the athletes start to believe that their team is life itself, the seeds of trouble are planted.

LEONARD H. FREEDMAN
Los Angeles

Sir:

Frank Boggs' conclusion, "Sportswriters are also newspapermen, and they must be newspapermen first and sportswriters second," is something every sportswriter should cut out and paste to his or her typewriter as a reminder of what our jobs are all about.

STEVE REPOD
Sports Editor
The Ypsilanti Press
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Sir:

I was shocked and amazed by the furor over Frank Boggs' and Jack Taylor's report of a ticket-scalping investigation. If the Oklahoma fans are so worried about their team being disciplined again for unsavory acts, they ought to vent their wrath on those responsible for bringing them all this grief, i.e., those who are scalping, recruiting unsavory or whatever. The idea of a team or coach controlling the local press is evidence of the sports hysteria in our country.

This is not to say that the press is perfect, too, falls prey to popular misconceptions and clichés. But we fans had better start channeling our emotions in the right direction. What a shame that those who tell the truth must feel threatened. Thanks for an enlightening piece of real journalism.

LYNN JACKSON
Tucson

Sir:

Verbal harassment and threats of violence are deplorable acts, but Frank Boggs and Jack Taylor are not the Woodward and Bernstein of sports journalism that you depict, and the *Times* reads more like the *National Enquirer* than the *Washington Post* when OU football is the subject. The *Times* has not discouraged the notion that the story was dug up rather than stumbled upon. The involvement of an investigative reporter whose recent targets have been the Mafia and a corrupt politician is indicative of the approach the paper has taken in its coverage of the Sooners.

It has been common public knowledge for some time that there were hard feelings on the part of the Oklahoma Publishing Company over its loss of broadcast rights to OU.

games. This was a theory advanced by sports-writers and supported by the tone of the *Times*' copy. Most newspapers in the state were messengers bearing the same bad news as the *Times*, but none has encountered the same adverse response. It could be that writers for other papers addressed the subject as reporters rather than as crusaders. You are right when you claim there are too many "house" men writing about and hectoring sports events, but hatchet men are not the only alternative.

DELBERT SULLIVAN
JOHN BOHR
Muskegon, Okla.

Sir:

I feel your article is totally unfair. We're not "vengeful fanatics." We weren't protesting Frank Boggs' and Jack Taylor's article. What we were protesting was the fact that they made a big deal out of OU players possibly scalping tickets when others do it. What is most disturbing to me as an OU fan is that they wrote that big article on OU and didn't say anything about Oklahoma State's alleged violations. If they were so upright and honest, why didn't they write something on OSU? If it wasn't for revenge, what was it for?

MARK BOONER
Medford, Okla.

Sir:

Maybe scalping does go on, but it costs a whole lot to dress and live in the way of today. A lot of the parents can't afford to support their sons in style. What's the difference between players scalping tickets and adults doing it for a living?

CAROLYN ROBINSON
McLoud, Okla.

Sir:

The people who threatened Boggs and Taylor do not merit Deford's designation of them as "OU fans." For more rational Oklahomans the issue is not support of OU football, the issue is the fairness and accuracy of reporting in the *Oklahoman* and the *Times*. The reputation of these papers was at an all-time low long before the OU story hit the press.

No one has suggested that the First Amendment should not protect sportswriters, but Oklahomans, whether or not they are Sooner fans, have the right to that same protection in their criticism of the Oklahoma Publishing Company. I'll be telling the *Oklahoman* and the *Times* to drop dead long after the OU story is forgotten.

MICHAEL WOFFORD
Norman, Okla.

Sir:

Frank Deford rants in defense of the press, implying that the press reports only the truth. He also uses as an example an Indiana student newspaper report of an incident involving Coach Bobby Knight that never occurred. The media can label someone guilty until proven innocent, leaving a tarnish that a retraction cannot remove. It was of great in-

continued

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19TH HOLE (continued)

terest to me to see 71 pages later in the same issue (*The Tragedy on Gondola II*) that the press endangered lives in two instances—by forcing a hospital helicopter away from its evacuation efforts of critically injured people and by hovering over cable cars hanging high in the air (again while people were being evacuated)—just to get a story because it's "the people's right to know."

If all of the press uses Watergate (as Deford does) as an excuse for an adversary approach in its reporting, we will have a monster that will require more and more government controls to protect the rights of the individual.

DAVID B. PIERPOINT
White Pine, Mich.

Sir:

That article has got to be one of the most fantastic things ever to happen to journalism and the First Amendment. You have guts and class. No wonder we have pampered professional athletes when truthful, constructive criticism is not allowed. This is education and sportsmanship? I think not. I am very proud to be a subscriber to your magazine.

GRACE COFFI
Palmdale Park, N.J.

Sir:

It is ironic that some Oklahoma football fans feel demeaned by John Steinbeck's portrayal of the "Okies." Despite their desperate economic situation in the 1930s, Steinbeck showed that the Okies had dignity and strength of character. These characteristics are sorely lacking in some Oklahomans' reaction to the unraveling of yet another possible OU football scandal.

CHAR MILLER
Baltimore

Sir:

My thanks to Frank Deford for his excellent piece on sports journalism and for generously describing me as having attended Oklahoma as a football player. In fact, I was a mere student who masqueraded as a scrub halfback. If I don't nip this in the bud, I might be an All-America 20 years from now.

LARRY MERCHANT
NBC Sports
New York City

A TERRIFYING DAY

Sir:

I tip my hat to William Oscar Johnson for his account of the gondola crash at Vail (*The Tragedy on Gondola II*, Dec. 13). His vivid description of this ski disaster held my undivided attention throughout. It makes one really appreciate those seemingly fearless members of the ski patrol (especially Vail's). These men, seen on every ski slope, have my deepest respect and admiration.

DON HENDERSON
Greenville, Pa.

Sir:

The article clearly portrayed the ability of the Vail ski patrol to respond to a major dis-

aster. The rapidity of the patrolmen's response and the professionalism of their actions were remarkable. In fact, the joint efforts of Vail Associates, the medical staff of the clinic and city personnel were outstanding. Having spent many beautiful days enjoying Vail Mountain, I have a profound respect for the ski patrol. The patrolman's job is not as glamorous as some believe. Dave Starnish, Dennis Mokkitts, John Murphy, Chuga Nelson and the others should be commended for their dedication and concern for the safety of the thousands of skiers who invade Vail each day.

WILLIAM A. WALKER III D.D.S.
San Antonio

Sir:

Your report on that tragic Friday at Vail was extremely accurate. As a witness to the accident, I must commend the ski patrol, especially patrolman Richard (Chap) Nelson. RALPH GAINES
Deerfield, Mass.

Sir:

I am appalled that you would have the insensitivity to publish an article about the tragedy at Vail just before Christmas! My heart goes out to the survivors.

BEVERLY S. GREEN
Danbury, Conn.

Sir:

I consider the article to be of no redeeming value, in bad taste and an unnecessary re-statement of an accident, the causes of which have been since corrected.

DAVID L. COLE
President
Timberline Properties Corporation
Vail, Colo.

Sir:

It is a godsend that a magazine of your quality would print a story so heartbreaking but true without the sensationalism that accompanies most such accounts. As an employee of a ski area in Oregon (Mt. Ashland), I am proud to say that you have shown the ski industry in its true light. Skiing is a business, of course, but you have shown the compassion and training of all of us involved in it. I thank you for your understanding of the problems that face a ski area and the training that we undergo to fulfill our duties to the public and to insure its safety.

DENNIS KELLY
Medford, Ore.

Sir:

William O. Johnson's story was just what we all needed: the facts about what happened, exactly how they happened, that terrifying day in March.

ALLISON GRIFFITHS
Omaha

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Brand W 100	16	1.2
Brand M	19	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

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Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
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Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
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Brand V	11	0.7
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